

BY J. L. BROWN.

COLMA, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1910.

VOL. 2. NO. 9.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES OF HAPPENINGS IN NORTHEND TOWNS

What Your Neighbors Have Been Doing During the Past Week.

Interesting Events in This Part of San Mateo County Reviewed in Terse Paragraphs.

Smile!—be it ever so painful.

A house for rent furnished—419 Los Olivos avenue. *10

A Republican club is being organized in Vista Grande.

The Austrian Society hold a picnic at Lovchen Garden Sunday.

Mrs. Dr. Castle and daughter Clara returned last week from Gilroy.

T. F. Wall of Santiago avenue, Hillcrest, is building a nice cottage.

A pretty home is being built by L. E. Johnson on his Hillcrest property.

Little Harold White, son of W. J. White, is very ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Lulu Williams left Friday for Tucson, Arizona, to join her husband.

O. Frey is having a big cistern dug, corner Santa Ana and Hillcrest drive.

Mrs. A. Graves of San Francisco visited a week with Mrs. Thos. Hurd.

Mr. and Mrs. Antone Ullrich, from the city, visited their son Eddie Sunday.

H. Meadows of Merced avenue, Vista Grande, has been quite ill with bronchitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hurd, 517 Melrose street, spent Sunday at Santa Rosa.

Mr. L. E. Saunders is building a home on his property on Los Carlos avenue.

Mr. J. Dresser has about completed his home on Winter street, Vista Grande.

J. Moreno, of 214 San Juan avenue, is quite sick and under the care of Dr. Rowland.

Mr. I. Barnett is building a pretty cottage on Los Angeles avenue, Mission Tract.

Little Miss Florence Hurd will celebrate her fifth birthday with a party this afternoon.

Those wishing to register can do so by calling on Phil Fahy, at White House, Colma.

Mrs. C. Fish is making many improvements on her home on Los Olivos avenue.

F. S. Knowles is laid up with a severe cold at his residence, 1552 Sacramento street.

Mrs. James Johnson of Santa Barbara avenue, of Hillcrest, is building a pretty cottage.

The children of J. Jenkins of Los Angeles avenue are very ill with whooping cough.

First-class union printing right here at home. Quick work and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

L. Weingartner, the chief assistant at Raven's Cafe, spent Sunday and Monday in San Jose.

Mrs. McLeod came out from San Francisco last week and visited her sister, Mrs. Eddie Ullrich.

The Record is prepared to print your election cards with union label and first-class in every particular.

Agnes Larsen of Myrtle street has returned from the hospital, where she was operated on for tonsillitis.

The Grand View Theater that is rapidly nearing completion will be an attractive improvement to the hill.

Mrs. E. Ullrich of Hillcrest received a beautiful piano as a birthday present from her husband this week.

N. T. Ronning, the assistant S. P. agent at Colma, is still confined to the hospital, but is reported improving.

The Protestant Sunday School of Colma meets every Sunday at 9:30. Mrs. H. W. Brown is superintendent.

Quite a delegation from here attended a fine ball at San Bruno Saturday evening and report having a fine time.

D. Yates of Myrtle street, Vista Grande, has made several improvements on his residence during the past week.

The new Vista Grande Meat Market has a meat cart, and will solicit orders and then deliver meat at your home.

It is estimated that the cars carried 35,000 people to the cemeteries Decoration Day, 2,325 of whom rode on the Mt. Olivet car.

Mrs. Grace Morrison and her accomplished little daughter, Blanche Morrison, the clever child actress, visited on the hill Monday.

Marguerite Rink of Hillcrest returned home this week from the hospital, where she underwent an operation for throat trouble.

Mr. C. A. Kornblum of Los Olivos avenue, Mission Tract, is putting an addition and making many improvements on his residence.

R. S. K. MacMillen and wife and Mrs. Hetty Oswald will go to Jersey Island, near Antioch, Saturday evening and remain over Sunday.

D. J. Ferriter of Garden street, Vista Grande, has just completed a handsome residence, which is certainly a credit to the community.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of Crocker Tract Improvement Club are arranging a box social at Grace Presbyterian church, Saturday June 11.

Col. W. H. Almon of Colma has entered the race for Justice of the Peace and will present his claims to the Republican primary on August 16.

Andrew Seaholm is building a two-story building consisting of a store downstairs and flat above on the corner of Merced and Railroad avenue.

The Clinton Ice Cream parlor at 718 Mission road makes a specialty of strictly pure cream. Those who are in doubt of this are invited to have it analyzed.

The Salvation Army start their meetings Tuesday evening at 21 Carlos avenue, Hillcrest, and will meet every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings at 7:30.

The Record's new job printing department is meeting with good success, and the high grade of work that is being turned out is receiving universal praise.

H. H. Smith, the lumber man, is making improvements on some of his property on Los Angeles avenue, Mission Tract, which is to be occupied by his father and mother.

The residents of Colma are talking about incorporating. During the last year that section has grown rapidly and it will be a good move to incorporate.—San Mateo Leader.

A Volger of the Vista Grande bakery went to the hospital Tuesday for the purpose of having his arm amputated, as the result of the injury received last January in his bread mixing machine.

No need to go to the city for Job Printing. The Record has installed a beautiful outfit, first class in every particular, latest designs in type and every modern facility for producing perfect results.

Mrs. M. A. Johnson, 614 Mission Road, has added to her dry goods stock a line of ready-to-wear ladies' shirtwaists and children's dresses. Also Union-made overalls for men and boys. Special prices this week.

Chas. P. Lambert, the monumental worker, is an expert at his profession and makes a specialty of letter-cutting on monuments in cemeteries—gilded if desired. Shop and residence near Mt. Olivet and the Italian cemeteries.

The "Childhood Days" dance given by the United Artisans at Knowles Hall Tuesday evening was a very nice affair indeed and quite interesting in its uniqueness. Mrs. and T. R. Reese of Crocker Tract won the prize waltz.

Great Boom in Building. The biggest in San Mateo County in years. H. H. Smith has increased his lumber yard to satisfy the demands of the people. Patronize home and your neighbor who has interests in your own town.

The Record is willing to announce matters of public benefit free, but it does not seem like justice to have the printing done in the city by shops who have no interest in this community, and could not help it like the Record can if they wanted to.

Grace Presbyterian church, Crocker Tract, has a minister again, Rev. Mr. Walker, a graduate from Yale, having arrived this week from New York to accept the call. There will be regular services Sunday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sunday School at 10 a. m.

The Knickerbocker Whist Club met Wednesday evening with Mrs. Alice Smith and had the usual pleasant time. First prize was awarded to Mrs. A. J. Spring and J. L. Brown; second, Mrs. T. J. Reese and Dr. DuPont. Next meeting will be with Mrs. Spring, June 15.

THE SCHOOL MEETING TONIGHT

The Voters of Jefferson School District are To Meet at Colma Hall to Decide on the Locations of the Two School Buildings---Harmony Is The Wish of All.

Next week, Saturday, June 11, the election for the Vista Grande Fire Department takes place, the official notice of which appears on the eighth page of the Record, and it is essential that everybody takes an interest in this important improvement, for its successful termination means not only fire protection, but a great reduction in Insurance Rates, that are now almost prohibitive.

Much interest is manifested in the school meeting to be held at Colma Hall this evening, and there will no doubt be a large attendance. The Pacific Betterment League has unanimously endorsed the two-school proposition, one in Vista Grande and the other in Crocker Tract, so that the only issue of importance is the selection of the sites. It is gratifying that this harmony of purpose is so manifest, and much praise is due the Pacific Betterment League for this state of affairs.

The sentiment favorable to the establishment of the fire district seems to be unanimous because of the great benefit it will be in protection from fires, and also in the reduction of insurance rates that are now almost prohibitive. The election takes place on Saturday, June 11, and it is hoped there will be a large vote polled, as that will have much to do with the

C. L. McCracken, who has made an excellent Tax Collector, announces himself as a candidate for renomination at the August primary by the Republican party. Mr. McCracken is a genial gentleman and therefore has a host of friends to assist him in his aspirations.

Information was received yesterday that P. K. Pappas, who was indicted by the federal grand jury on Thursday of last week for fraudulent naturalization, was arrested and taken before United States Commissioner Haddock to be identified and was held on \$3,000 bail for examination.

The many friends of Joseph Silicani gave him a whooping surprise party Saturday evening, the occasion being his fifty-seventh birthday. Good-natured Joe treated all his guests royally, and his lady friends set a table of Italian dainties to which everyone did ample justice.

Dr. P. D. Rowland, Physician and Surgeon of the German Hospital, has office hours in the Knowles building, Hillcrest, from 7:00 to 8:30 p. m. Hospital hours, 9:00 to 12 a. m.; phone Park 349. Residence, 117 Peoria street, near Green avenue, Crocker Tract, phone Mission 7270.

H. O. Heiner is out for the office of County Recorder and, his announcement will be found in the Record's candidate column. Mr. Heiner is a princely young man, well known and well liked, and would no doubt make an excellent official. His claims will be made in the Republican primary.

A surprise party was given at the H. Properties, Vista Grande, Saturday evening in honor of Miss Unice Sayer, on the eve of her departure to her home in Pasadena. Miss Sayer was the recipient of a beautiful Epworth League button from members of the M. E. church, of which she is a deaconess.

P. P. Chamberlain, the present efficient County Treasurer, announces his desire for renomination by the Republican primaries. Mr. Chamberlain is a pleasant gentleman who has many staunch friends in the county, and his incumbency in the office has thoroughly demonstrated his efficiency and reliability.

Mrs. Edith Leslie, who resides on Colma street, Vista Grande, had quite a serious accident Tuesday, falling from a stair leading to the rear door of the house. She was removed to the German Hospital Wednesday, where an X-Ray examination located her injury as a bad fracture of the hip that will require several weeks' careful attention.

determination of the underwriters in insurance rate reductions.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Record will be found the Fire Tax Election Notice for the establishment and maintenance of the Vista Grande Fire Department. The advantages to be derived from an adequate fire protection are incalculable. It means the saving of a great deal of property, thus making the risks less hazardous, and the underwriters are already promising a big reduction in insurance rates as soon as the Fire Department is established and equipped. Every public-spirited and good citizen is therefore in duty bound to do their utmost toward carrying the election by a large vote, for the more enthusiasm thus manifested, the greater interest will be gained from the insurance companies, who stand ready to reduce the present exorbitant insurance rates to a nominal figure, as soon as they can feel justified in doing so.

By giving your job printing to the Record, you thereby assist your home paper and enable it to more effectually assist you and your interests in this locality. If you get your printing elsewhere, you get nothing in return compared to the assistance that the Record can and will give you if you will just "tote fair."

Thomas W. Hickey, the genial booster of South San Francisco, has announced his candidacy for Assemblyman, subject to the Republican primaries. Mr. Hickey is surely an enterprising gentleman and few men are so well posted regarding the needs of San Mateo County, and especially of the north end.

The card of Dr. H. G. Plymire, appears in our political column this week. Dr. Plymire is candidate on the Republican ticket for renomination to the office of Coroner and Public Administrator, which he has held for the last four years. As a public official, the Doctor has performed his duties in the most creditable manner.

The good roads aviation and automobile meet at Tanforan Sunday and Monday was not up to expectations in point of attendance, though the proceeds will likely build a couple of miles of good roads. The auto and motorcycle races were extra good, but the aviation portion of the program was a fizzle and disappointed a great many people.

The service of the Vista Grande postoffice is certainly excellent. A letter mailed either at the office or in the box at the corner of Mission and Hillcrest Drive, any time during the night, will be taken up in time to arrive in the city for all the outbound morning trains, or for delivery to any part of San Francisco before noon.

A team became frightened at Mt. Olivet Monday and overturned a buggy to which they were hitched. The occupants, two ladies and four children, were quite badly bruised and one of the ladies sustained a broken arm. Dr. Beattie dressed the wounds and set the broken arm, after which the injured ones were taken to their homes in the city.

Editor J. L. Brown, who has for some time been in charge of the progressive Colma (Cal.) Record, has seen fit to increase his business by the addition of an up-to-date job printing plant. Mr. Brown says his town is growing rapidly, and if he gets the Panama-Pacific Exposition located at Lake Merced, for which he is doing effective work, he will be able to tell things to the San Francisco papers—American Bulletin.

Dreamed He "Licked" the Editor.

With a grin of vengeful glee, hair on its teeth and an extra kink in the pigtail, the wild "wise guy" found itself last Sunday night solitary and alone amidst a vast solitude. Even the ocean held its breath in terror and the moon and stars refused to shine. Twenty-three comets sky-dooed at the rate of a million miles a second in search of safety. Suddenly the scene changed to that of pandemonium, when great cracks in the atmosphere were filled with kaleidoscopic visions of flying meat axes, sausage-grinding machines, editor's "smashed heads," and sitch, so that the "wise guy" hissed in his venomous rage: "Eureka, I'll grind his bones and smash his head." So realistic was this dream that on the following morning he promised to actually perform the editorial head-smashing if his name ever appeared in the Record again. The editor didn't scare like the moons and comets in the nightmare, and suggested that then was an opportune time. But—"Wise people change their minds, fools never."

A Stranger Cuts His Throat.

An old man, aged about 60 years, was found in the street at an early hour yesterday morning with his throat cut. He was taken into Fahey's saloon when it was found that he was alive though unconscious. Stimulents were administered and the man said that he had done the deed with suicidal intent, but would not state the cause or give his name. In the meantime, Doctors Plymire and Beattie had been summoned and on their arrival it was decided to take the poor fellow to the Central Emergency Hospital in the city. There he was more communicative and gave his name as Cole and that he roomed at 336 Fourth street, San Francisco. His condition is critical but the hospital physicians say he will likely recover.

Petition for New Judicial Township.

At the meeting of the Pacific Betterment League Tuesday evening a committee was appointed to prepare and circulate a petition for the establishment of the new Judicial Township, as suggested in the Record three weeks ago. The territory will extend from Holy Cross to the San Francisco County line. It is said that South San Francisco will favor this move and the Committee are to meet with the club of that city Sunday morning and request them to join in the presentation of the petition to the Supervisors next Monday.

Teachers Examinations.

The examination for diplomas begins throughout the county on June 3. The first part of the examination occupies two days. The applicants from the First Township will take the examination at South San Francisco. Superintendent Cloud will give the questions at that place. Prof. W. J. Savage will hold the examinations at Redwood City. In the county there are about 180 applicants. From Jefferson school there are eleven and the Record wishes them all success.

Dr. F. J. H. Bush, Dentist.

Dr. F. J. H. Bush opened up his Dental Parlors in the Knowles Building, Monday, March 14, 1910, with office hours from 10 a. m. to 7 p. m. on week days, and from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. Sundays, and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. Dr. Bush is a first-class dentist in every branch of his profession, and always gives perfect satisfaction.

Important Notice.

The Hillcrest Volunteer Fire Co. will give their third grand ball in Knowles Hall Saturday night, June 4, the proceeds to be used in purchasing fire-fighting apparatus which is very badly needed. Everybody should attend and help make this ball a success. Union music. Gents 50 cents, ladies free.

Avoid Wasteful Extravagance

Extravagance consists in buying the wrong thing at any price; economy in buying the right ones at the right price. At Mrs. M. A. Johnson's dry goods store, 614 Mission road, you will now find a millinery dept. Latest style hats trimmed and to order, the right article at the right price. \$1.98 and up.

SAN FRANCISCO HOLDS LEAD IN RACE FOR FAIR

Crescent City's Plea Proves Great Boost For Claims of Pacific Coast.

Louisiana Needs Federal Aid While California Agrees to Hold Ex- position at Own Expense.

Washington.—Louisiana's boosters have come and talked, but have not conquered. In fact, the delegation that hopes to secure the World's Fair in 1915 for New Orleans is now openly dubious about its chances of landing the prize. When the Southern visitors picked up the morning papers the day after their arrival, they found nice articles about their descent upon the capital, but they also found that San Francisco supporters had not lost sleep, but had captured two pages of each paper to set forth in black type that San Francisco was not only the logical city, but "the city" for the exposition.

The feeling of blueness that pervaded the camp of the Southerners was also brought about through the lack of enthusiasm shown by the Senate committee on industrial exhibitions, before which the New Orleans boosters appeared the day following the hearing before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The Senate committee took the matter under advisement. It is impossible to say when a decision will be reached. The New Orleans delegation is fighting for delay in the hope that the contest will not be settled at this session, but the California Congressional delegation wants it settled one way or another and is working toward that end.

Washington.—The New Orleans boosters, about 200 in number, arrived in Washington on a special train, and at a session of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs presented their claims for the Panama Exposition. The proximity to the canal and the geographical situation with reference to the centers of population were the principal arguments, and Governor Sanders was the principal speaker. The campaigners succeeded in arousing Congressman Kahn to make a lively speech by way of reply.

"Three great expositions have been held on the Pacific Coast, far from the centers of population, and every one has attracted a large attendance and has been a complete success as a show, and in the financial outcome," he said in answer to the chief argument of Governor Sanders. Kahn said that the "logical" place to hold the exposition was at Panama itself if disputes were to be engaged in with the President, who had applied that adjective to San Francisco.

"Following the reasoning of Governor Sanders," Kahn responded, "the Columbian exposition at Chicago ought to have been held on the island of San Salvador."

New Orleans is raising by subscription about \$1,250,000 and \$4,000,000 by State tax, according to statements made, and Kahn countered this in his speech by announcing that San Francisco would have \$11,000,000 or \$12,000,000 available. Sanders was hard pressed by several of the members as to whether New Orleans would ask for an appropriation, and he replied:

"Frankly, we must expect the National Government to aid us in a great international exposition such as this is to be."

"We are not going to ask Congress for a single dollar," was Kahn's statement for San Francisco, "and if the United States Government is too poor to erect a building and install an exhibit at our exposition, the State of California will do it for the Government."

Representative Bennett of New York asked Governor Sanders about the indebtedness of \$1,250,000 New Orleans still owes the Federal treasury in connection with its exposition of 1884. The explanation was that there were no funds left over from the fair, but, argued the Governor, it was a good investment for Uncle Sam because of the good that was done the entire South by the exposition.

Mayor McCarthy also spoke briefly for San Francisco. The California Congressmen are confident of getting favorable action from the House Committee for San Francisco, although the hope of getting the House itself to act is not so brilliant.

COLMA RECORD

Issued Every Friday

J. L. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor

This movement to dehorn women's hats grows in favor.

We suspect the hookworm is blamed for doing a lot of things of which it is not guilty.

Spokane has a woman policeman, but so far no one has reported a woman ice peddler.

With three nations racing for the south pole it is fortunate that Americans are nimble in their feet.

T. R. Jr., who is to be married shortly, is well prepared. He has already learned how to beat the carpet game.

Rubber is worth now almost half as much as silver, pound for pound. Here is a chance for a more elastic currency.

This is a pretty big country, and there are more than eighty millions of people in it, but there is weather enough for everybody.

After visiting the north pole the Zeppelin airship expedition expects to "anchor behind Greenland." Sounds like a nice cozy place to warm up in.

London, with 40,000 children in the hunger line, needs to try something more far-reaching than reform of the house of lords for its present troubles.

The "Chantecler" umbrella has appeared. It would be an undoubted success if it would crowd loudly when it was picked by another than its owner.

A New England woman detective is to marry a millionaire. Perhaps he thinks in view of the attacks on wealth, now the fashion, that a detective will come handy in the family.

One aviator is of the opinion that it is just as dangerous to fall a hundred as a thousand feet. But the man who falls a thousand feet will have more time to think of all the mean things he ever did.

According to a Chicago doctor, the dean of Rush medical college, the blame for certain affections which, when present in limbs and joints, are commonly called rheumatism, should be laid principally on the tonsils, which, he says, should be cut out before the morbid changes take place in the joints. He adds that such an operation, together with plenty of sunshine and good food, will effect a cure. What a mistake it was for human beings to have tonsils, anyway.

A year or two ago an Ohio farmer, discouraged in his attempts to raise apples, was about to cut down his orchard trees for firewood. An officer of a neighboring agricultural college secured permission to take a part of the orchard and care for it in a scientific manner. This meant little more than careful pruning and spraying, and the result last year was a net return, over all expenses, of nearly five hundred dollars. Nowhere is applied intelligence more productive of quick and abundant returns than on the farm.

Let the wife who is continually complaining at her husband because he isn't earning enough to make it possible for her to dress as well as the lady next door have a care. Let a word of advice be whispered to the woman who is in the habit of finding fault with her husband because he says "them kind" or eats with his knife. Also let a gentle hint be passed along to the man who has become addicted to the habit of scolding every time he is asked to hook his wife's waist; and to the man who never misses an opportunity to accuse his wife of extravagance merely because she buys enough hair to qualify as a waitress let a solemn warning be sounded. Justice Mills of the Supreme Court of New York has ruled that nagging constitutes good ground for divorce, and, accordingly, Mrs. Daisy Green of Yonkers has secured an annulment of the contract which bound her to Albert, who found fault with her manner of housekeeping and her devotion to her relatives. Don't nag. If you must have a divorce be sportsmanlike and go to Reno.

The Massachusetts youth who by day was a business employe of apparently exemplary habits and by night a burglar and, as it proved, a murderer, is a type of criminal that novelists and playwrights occasionally portray, though examples in real life are rare. It is a type criminologists have seriously studied, but only with the result of leaving the problem of dual personality involved an unfathomable mystery of human nature. The puzzle yet remains of the moral obliquity which diverts into criminal channels intelligence and capacity of the kind of which Spencer's exploits as a burglar show him to have been possessed. But apart from moral considerations, the greater puzzle, seeing that he was determined to embark on a career of crime, is his voluntary choice of burglary, one of the most hazardous and least remunerative of criminal professions. Burglary at no time has earned its followers an income in any way commensurate with the skill required for its successful practice, let alone its risks. What have thirty-six years of burglary profited the veteran cracksmen with half a dozen aliases and a record of eight prison terms who was reported in the recent news as again under arrest? None of the great bur-

glars of the past made more than a bare living, and hedged in as the pursuit now is by improved preventive devices and with bank burglary virtually a lost art, it affords only a precarious livelihood. Burglary is at present largely restricted to house-breaking and offers no inducements to ambitious criminals, while it involves the constant hazard of capture or of murder as the alternative. Spencer could certainly have done immeasurably better at legitimate business, even though he was receiving only the wages of a shipping clerk.

Every annual report made to the State commission in lunacy of New York shows an increase in the number of insane persons in State hospitals and licensed private asylums out of proportion to the increase of population. Probably the same showing is made in other States, though the increase is not so pronounced anywhere as in New York. The obvious explanation of this is that New York, with its great population and complex social conditions, abundant revenues and high state of scientific training, has been able and willing to make more extensive provision for the care of insane persons than any other State. New York has two hospitals for the criminal insane, in addition to those for the ordinary insane, and is now contemplating a special hospital and industrial colony of inebriates. If this latter hospital should be established, it will increase the apparent number of the insane by bringing to public view persons now concealed in almshouses or hospitals or running at large. These statistics are issued every year and they appear to support the contention that insanity is increasing rapidly through the nervous conditions of American life or of increasing abuse of alcoholic liquors. Persons of unstable nerves always have tended to insanity and the tendency always has been aggravated by alcoholic poisoning. But far more complete and accurate statistics of present and past insanity are required to prove an actual increase in the number of insane persons per thousand. There has been great increase in the number brought within the field of statistics by provision for their confinement or care in hospitals. It is not so apparent that the total number per thousand in hospitals, almshouses and families has increased. It is necessary always to be on guard against abuse of statistics.

CHICAGO DOESN'T WEAR GLOVES

City That Is Too Busy and Too Great for "Polite" Things.

What is Chicago, I will try to guess and to tell, says John McGovern in the National Magazine. It is a population in number like Canton, in China. It is impressively great, because, for instance, it daily uses 300,000 telephones and over sixty hospitals, some of them very large ones. Indeed, for here surgery, off the battle field, has found its busiest theaters. The dead are buried in forty-six cemeteries. Then of them are Jewish and there are Turkish and Bohemian burying grounds. The union printers are filling their third large lot. There are about 300 great school houses, many of them groups of buildings. When President Taft visited the city in 1909 he was greeted by 150,000 little children, massed on the lake front park, and about 450,000 more were playing at home. Chicago does not wear gloves, does not carry a cane; it has no time for these "polite" things. We boast that it does more, with better machinery, than any other community on earth. It has a kind heart under its working clothes, and has always counted everybody in as one more Chicagoan. Its morals raise the present average of North America, or its population would not increase so rapidly. In appearance it is often gray and melancholy, like old ocean; but in spirit, as in history, it is young and ever hopeful. It is the most prolific inventor that time has produced. It still welcomes everybody who can labor and its generous salutation thrills forty-seven kinds of lowly people with a growing desire to cast their lot there.

Reason and Instinct.

A certain north country miner was particularly fond of a clever little dog he possessed. At times he was apt to claim a little too much for his pet, and one morning a neighbor was endeavoring to point out the difference between instinct and reason when an amusing interruption occurred. A seedy looking tramp turned the corner, and the dog, without so much as a word from his master, sprang into the road and offered battle. "There you are," laughed the miner as the dog snarled and snarled around the heels of the tramp. "E don't like the looks of the chap. That's instinct." Suddenly the tramp turned and kicked the dog into an adjacent field. "There you are," ejaculated the miner's friend grinning. "The chap don't like the looks of the dog. An' that's reason."—London Tit-Bits.

Two Prison Dinners.

Prison Warden—The dinner ordered from Delmonico's has come. Take it to the prisoner who killed a man.

Assistant—All right. Who is this bread and water for?

Warden—That's for the man who stole a ham.—New York Weekly.

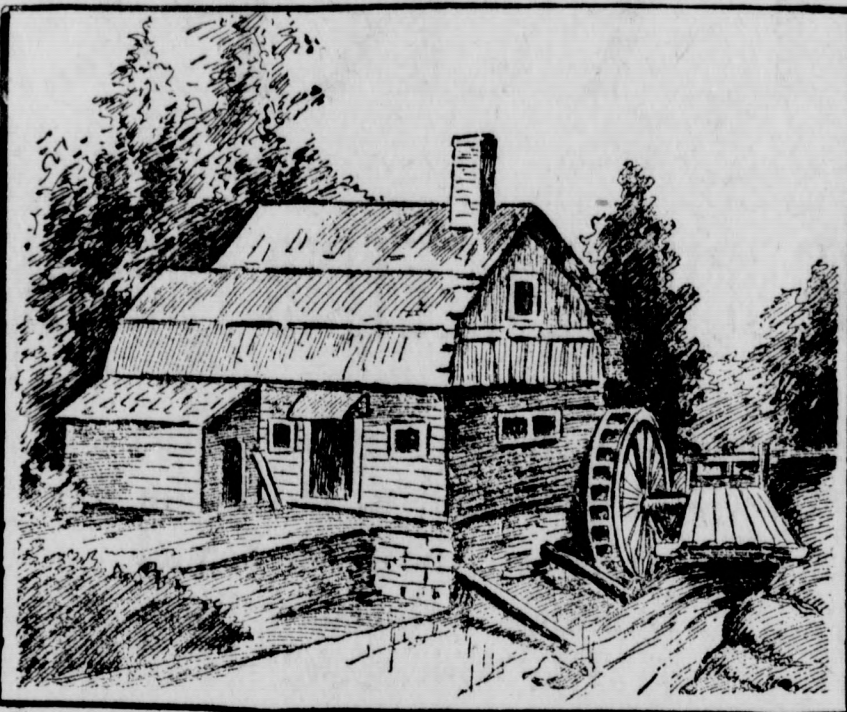
The Thora.

Caller—How pleased you must be to find that your new cook is a stayer! Hostess—My dear, don't mention it. She's a stayer, all right, but unfortunately she's not a cook.—Boston Transcript.

When you have a "joke on" a man why not laugh about it behind his back instead of to his face?

REMINISCENCE OF THE GRIST MILL

AND THE MILL BOY OF THE OLD DAYS.



HERE are but few men in the country that have reached the half-century milestone on the highway from the cradle to the grave but have memories lingering around the old grist mill of their boyhood days, writes L. O. Emmerson in the Princeton (Ind.) Clarion-News. In their mind's eye they see its steep roof and hear its "chew-chew"—and think that is just what the old mill was doing with the corn and wheat that was pouring into its insatiable maw—the old grist mill with "wool carding" painted in big letters along its side which might be read with ease a half-mile away, with closer inspection showing in smaller letters this sign near the entrance door, which all were expected to read: "Custom days Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Toll one-sixth for corn, one-eighth for wheat. First come, first served."

Here all the gossip of the country was exchanged for its kind. Here knives were swapped, either by inspection or unsight or unseen? Horse swapping was also of common occurrence. On those "custom days" from early morn to dewy eve the crowd was coming and going, swapping and bantering. Did it happen to be a campaign year, politics was discussed by all except the miller, who was supposed to favor all sides and have nothing to say, and it was regarded as a breach of good breeding to attempt to draw him into discussion.

The milling was most often done by the boys of the family, ranging in age from 10 to 17 years. If anyone should inquire about the size of any certain boy, and was told that he was big enough to go to mill, they would consider the answer satisfactory. When the family meal barrel showed signs of exhaustion, a bag of corn would be selected the evening before some particular custom day, and at night after all the chores were done and the family was all indoors, a bed quilt would be spread out upon the floor and the corn poured thereon. Then the family would gather around and shell the corn upon the quilt, while the cobs would be thrown aside for use in the kitchen stove. Then the quilt would be gathered up, causing the corn to collect in the center, when it would be scooped into the bag and set aside till morning.

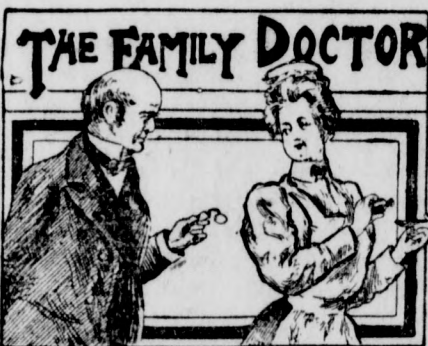
Bright and early the next day it would be placed across the back of a horse with a boy mounted astride, and he would strike out for the nearest mill. Sometimes he would have to go five or six miles. The sign, "First come, first served," was strictly adhered to. Often he would be among the last to arrive and many times he would have to stay till dark for his grist, and then ride the lonely way home through woods and swamps in the darkness.

But all this was nothing to the day he had spent with the other mill boys, wrestling, jumping, playing ball and marbles, swapping knives and exchanging gossip for gossip, which he knew would be called for and listened to by all when he got home. A good supper would be waiting for him when he arrived at home at last, for of dinner he had had none.

Mills quit grinding custom grists more than twenty years ago. In the old grist mill time, when a boy came he was met by the miller at the platform in front of the mill door. The miller there took charge of the bag of grain, which he placed in a row of other bags, each in the order of its arrival. And when the last grain of any grist had disappeared down the hopper the miller would shout "Rake away!" This was the signal to the mill boy whose grist had been ground, and he must quickly rake all the meal in the meal box to the end and not allow it to get mixed with the next grist, just poured into the hopper.

It was curious that people always supposed that the meal they got was ground from the same corn that they brought to the mill, when in fact it took several bushels of corn to fill the mill before any would run out. But they were satisfied and that was enough. Mills now buy your wheat and corn outright and sell you their meal and flour. The exchange is made at once, and you do not have to await your turn.

No more do the mill boys congregate about the place. Going to mill has lost its charm; it is a lost art. We who have served our time must accept the customs and say farewell to the old grist mill, which, like ourselves, has seen its day.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR

Pellagra.

This is a disease which has long been known among the peasants of northern Italy, northern Spain and parts of southern France, but has only recently been discovered in this country.

It is variously regarded as a skin disease and as a form of insanity, for it is in reality both; that is to say, there are skin eruptions and a disturbance of the mental faculties, both due to the same cause.

The disease is at first remittent in character, that is to say, it has periods of remission—in the winter—when the patient is apparently in his ordinary health; but each spring it returns worse than before, and so it goes on, with three steps forward and one backward, to a fatal termination at the end of from three to five or six years.

The eruption begins as a diffused redness or discolored patches, itching most distressingly, and is followed by a peeling of the epidermis in the form of branny scales. It is most marked on the backs of the hands and feet, but may come on the body or legs as well. It begins in the spring and gets worse during the summer, but may nearly or quite disappear with the advent of cold weather.

The next spring it returns, and now there are digestive troubles added—pain and distress in the stomach after eating, diarrhoea, and often vertigo headache, and persistent ringing in the ears.

In the winter these troubles again become less, but return in aggravated

form the next summer, and with them appear mental symptoms—delirium and profound melancholia. And as the disease goes on until death puts an end to the patient's sufferings.

This description is that of the disease as it occurs in chronic form in Italy. In this country it is apt to be more acute and rapidly progressive without the winter remissions observed in the European cases.

Pellagra occurs generally only among the very poor and those living under the most unhygienic conditions; but although poverty may predispose to the disease, its sole cause so far as known is the eating of diseased maize. This grain trouble is a corn-smut, a form of mold which attacks the grain stored in damp places.

The prevention is simple—the use of flour and meal made from good grain only; but in the conditions under which many of the Italian peasants live, this is not so easy as it sounds.—Youth's Companion.

Slang Tabooed.

Slang is tabooed in the home of a West Philadelphia family principally because there is a bright little girl who displays a persistent aptitude in retaining expressive but uncultured phrases.

The other evening at dinner the mother, father and daughter drifted into the vernacular and a fresh start was necessary. The little girl started it. "I'm not stuck on this bread," she remarked.

"Maggie," said her mother, "you want to cut that slang out." "That's a peach of a way of correcting the child," commented the father. "I know," replied the mother, "but I just wanted to put her wise."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

End of the Courtship.

"She referred me to her father."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that was her way of letting undesirable suitors down easy and gave me a 5-cent cigar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A widow and her fortune are soon married.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

Many "Inventions" Improvements on Things Existing Long Ago.

There is no new thing under the sun. Many of our boasted new "inventions" are simply second editions of things which were invented a thousand years ago, Pearson's Weekly says.

The taxicab is by no means a new idea. A German professor has written a letter to the Frankfort Gazette, in which he says he has discovered that Vitruvius, the Roman historian, describes a taximeter cab in use in Rome the year 79 A. D.

The mechanism of the taximeter caused a stone to drop into a box under the carriage every thousand paces. At the end of the journey the driver counted the stones which had fallen into the box, and in this way was able to calculate the fare.

Within the last fifty years an Englishman produced a particular kind of pin, which he called a "safety" pin. For this admirable service to mankind he was highly honored and feted and favors have showered upon him.

However, when some one was poking about among the ruins of Pompeii they came upon a large number of bronze safety pins. They were quite up-to-date pins, too. There was a coiled spring at one end and a catch at the other—just like those in constant use at the present day.

Thimbles have been found in prehistoric mounds and combs and hairpins were in existence before the Christian era. It is guessed with some certainty that the first needle must have been threaded by a thrifty housewife about 5,000 years ago.

The combination locks we use today, which can only be opened by a combination of certain numbers and letters, were well known and used extensively by the Chinese many centuries ago.

In China, too, they illuminated their houses a couple of thousand years ago with natural gas, which was conveyed to the consumer's house by means of bamboo tubes.

It is calculated that some short-hand systems go back to somewhere about 500 B. C. At any rate, there seems no doubt that the orations of Cicero were written with as much skill and rapidity as the modern stenographer could boast.

The ancients knew about electricity and, though we usually credit Watts with the discovery of steam as a motive power, Nero of Alexandria described machines driven by steam 2,000 years before Watts was born.

This same gentleman invented a double-force pump, such as is used nowadays as a fire engine, and he anticipated the modern turbine wheel.

FACE THAT WAS FAMILIAR.

Quite Sure She Had Met the Man and So She Really Had.

Two richly dressed young girls whose breeding and beauty would pass unquestioned anywhere were among the crowd at an exhibition of paintings last week. Suddenly the taller of them lifted her eyes and exclaimed to her companion, as she caught sight of a man entering the room: "Why, there's some one I ought to know real well."

She was looking directly at a man who had not yet seen her, says the New York Press. He was well worth looking at—strong, broad of shoulder, fair as a Norseman, with an air far more material than artistic. The girl's steady eyes compelled the man's gaze. As their glances met she bowed. He looked surprised, but made no response. She bowed again with gentle insistence, smiling the while. He was almost up within touch of her as he returned her greeting with seeming protest at doing so. A sudden pressing together of the crowd brought them close to each other, and she purred up to him.

"Don't you think that on the average this year's exhibition is an improvement on the last?" she asked.

"I don't know, Miss Kirkie," he returned, simply, with a shyness of manner that seemed strangely enough unsuited to so superb a physical specimen. "I'm no judge. I just came in just because I was given a ticket."

"Yes?" she drawled out. Then hurriedly, as she put out her hand, which he failed to see: "You really will pardon me, won't you? But I can't recall where I met you or anything—even your name has slipped my memory. And yet I ought to know it, since you haven't forgotten mine. I see. And your face is so familiar!"

She broke off and looked up at him with eager expectancy, as though she were questioning him. Finally he broke what promised to be an icy silence.

"Yes, miss, you used to see me very often when you lived in the apartment on 72d street. I was—I still am—the janitor there."

Pardie's Panacea.

Tom Pardie, an old man servant in Sir Walter Scott's household, used to talk of the famous "Waverley Novels" as "our books," and said that the reading of them was the greatest comfort to him.

"Whenever I am off my sleep," he confided to James Skene, the author of "Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott," "I have only to take one of the novels, and before I have read two pages it is sure to set me asleep."

Coming.

Mrs. Marsh—Are you going to vote for Thompson?

Mrs. Mallow—No. They say the other man is much better looking.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A farmer, who has five boys and two girls, is regarded as a very lucky man.

Old Favorites

Little Nell of Narragansett Bay.

Oh, well, do I remember
My boyhood's happy hours,
The cottage and the garden
Where bloomed the fairest flowers—
The bright and sparkling waters
O'er which we used to sail,
With hearts so gay, for miles away,
Before the gentle gale.

Chorus—
Toll, toll the bell,
At early dawn of day,
For lovely little Nell,
So quickly passed away;
Toll, toll the bell,
So sad and mournfully,
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell
Of Narragansett Bay.

Oh, I had a dear companion,
But she is not with me now;
The lily of the valley
Is waving o'er her brow,
And I am sad and lonely,
Weeping all the day,
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell,
Of Narragansett Bay.

Oh, I loved the little beauty,
And my boat was all my pride;
And with Nell close beside me,
What joy the foam to ride;
She would laugh in tones so merry
To see the waves go by,
As wildly blew the stormy wind,
Or murky was the sky.

Though lightning flashed around us,
And all was dark and drear,
We loved the brave old ocean,
And never dreamed of fear;
The hours bounded onward,
The boat dashed through the spray,
With bright-eyed, laughing little Nell
Of Narragansett Bay.

But one day from us she wandered,
And was soon within the boat;
The cord was quickly loosened
As out the tide did float;
The little bark flew lightly
And swept before the wind,
Till land and home and friends so dear
Were many miles behind.

Next day her form all lifeless
Was washed upon the beach;
I stood and gazed upon it,
Bereft of sense and speech;
'Tis years since thus we parted,
But still I weep to-day,
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell,
Of Narragansett Bay.

HOW ENGLAND GOT IN DEBT.

Was the Outcome of 22 Years Struggle With France.

Too Lloyd-George program of public finance, whose promulgation a year ago precipitated the most remarkable fiscal controversy in the history of modern England, was the logical outcome of a situation which has long been in process of development. Speaking broadly, says Frederic Austin Ogg in the American Review of Reviews, it was during England's twenty-two year contest with republican France and with Napoleon that the nation was started upon the career of indebtedness, public expenditure and augmented taxation which has led straight to the fiscal complications of the present day.

The struggle with the French was easily the costliest of all modern wars. Upon it Great Britain expended the sum of £831,500,000 (\$4,157,000,000)—very much more than the aggregate outlay of the nation upon all other wars in which it had a part since the times of Oliver Cromwell. The consequence was threefold. In the first place the national debt, which in 1792 stood at £237,000,000, was augmented by upward of £622,000,000. In the second place there was a great leap upward on the part of the ordinary recurring expenditures. After 1815 the army and navy called for an outlay of from three to four times the amounts allocated to these services in Pitt's frugal budget prior to the war; while the annual interest charge upon the debt had come to be no less than £32,000,000, or upward of twice the total public expenditure for all purposes in 1792. A third consequence of the war outlay was the piling up of taxation beyond all precedent, so that a yield of £19,260,000 in 1792 had been raised by 1815 to £74,500,000. And although after the restoration of peace there was some remission of taxation, so that by 1818 the yield had been reduced to £59,500,000, far the larger part of the burden imposed by the costs of the French wars has been carried by the taxpayer of the realm from that day to this. But for interest charges imposed by Camperdown and Trafalgar and Waterloo, Mr. Lloyd-George would have had ample means a year ago for the paying of pensions to the aged and the building of new Dreadnoughts without the necessity of additional taxation at all.

To the Critic Higher Up.

There may be small excuse for it,
You may have little use for it,
And curl your super-story lip in supercilious way;
You may regard it banefully,
And pass it up disdainfully,
But when it gets the money wotinel have you to say?
—Chicago Tribune.

The Beggar Part.

"Your wife looks charming to-night, Mr. Blinkers," remarked the hostess at the reception. "Her new costume simply beggars description."
"Well, I don't know as to that," rejoined Blinkers, "but it almost beggars me."—Chicago News.

Some day you are going to do a lot of things you ought to do to-day: Nobody seems to care much for time when procrastination is the thief.

If the weather is bad for the crops, be an optimist and go to a baseball game.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

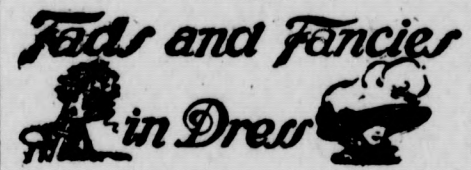
Should Eliminate Drudgery.

Especially is the woman of to-day changing in the scope of her mental development, states Judge Willard McEwen, of Chicago. She has a much better understanding of what is going on in the world and her interest is more vital in the things outside her own particular sphere than it formerly was. Woman is waking up to a desire for individuality, which is just as natural an impulse as the desire for immortality. It is in a consciousness of individuality that people get their real happiness.

Under past conditions man has been the individual and woman an impressionable creature, whose religion, training and sex instincts made her satisfied with children, and home, and working for a man, who is most of the time a false ideal.

She is modifying that condition. In my judgment the real question of woman's independence as a factor in the partnership is a question of sex. Taxation without representation, improvement in government through woman's participation are idle arguments so far as being of any effect is concerned. Woman has been long in a condition of subservience and is coming to realize it. Man might as well recognize this and figure that it is going to cost him something that he ought to pay. An economic question must be considered with reference to present conditions. If tested by the days of our grandfathers, woman's present attitude and manner of looking at life is to be deplored, but tested by our times woman's situation and change in her relationship to man have injected a new element into the conditions which should be charged up to the account as legitimate expense. The drudgery in a woman's life should be eliminated as far as is consistent with the family purse. It is not incumbent on a woman to get tired out and overheated baking bread when a few nickels invested at the corner bak-

undeniable that there are splendid opportunities for women lawyers, and the 20,000 of to-day promises to be largely increased in the coming years, one of the most authoritative legal publications declaring that women are needed to analyze, digest and classify the quarter million decisions of Federal and State courts handed down in the ten years ending with 1910. The fact that out of 20,000 admitted lawyers only 40 appear before the gowned justices at Washington does not imply that the remainder are engaged in housekeeping or other pursuits. These women lawyers are representing their clients and appearing before the courts in their own states, doing valuable and remunerative legal work.



Bordered materials make many summer gowns.

Plumes to match the gown are used on black hats.

In Paris short-skirted evening gowns are fashionable.

New combing jackets are made of flowered cretonne.

Some of the cotton foulards are as beautiful as the silks.

Hats of black straw are seen trimmed with silver braid.

Crochet lace is smart on gowns, jackets, blouses and even on hats.

Cornflower yellow is one of the newest shades for evening gowns.

There is a craze for brown and many new shades have been shown.

Many of the new turbans are trimmed with huge bows of changeable ribbon at the back.

The black hat is probably most durable from its power to withstand dust

for the woman motorist. Neither sex needs extraordinary muscular development in automobiling, and also any woman not an invalid can master its mysteries quite as well as a man, provided she has the will and the patience to acquire the know-how. Certainly in the sphere of patience woman by nature is equipped to give man a long handicap. The woman motorist is not half so likely as man is to swear and call loudly for a tow when anything goes wrong with the car. She will more probably set quietly to work to find the trouble and remedy it quite as thoroughly as if she were cleaning out the kitchen range.

"Remember, nevertheless, that though sex and slight physique are in no sense disabilities to the woman who wants to do her own motoring, and though her feminine patience and intuition stand her in good stead, she must not expect to succeed by intuition alone."

A World Upside Down.

Another announcement was lately made of the perennial discovery that women are alike the world over—that gentle birth, training, environment do not of themselves create a new feminine type. The fact is as old as the race. The beggar maid, we have been assured for generations, proved an excellent queen for King Cophetua. Maud Muller would have quickly learned to adorn the station to which the judge might have called her.

So the recent scheme of so-called "social leader" had not even the excuse of being a novel demonstration. Madam took two girls from ordinary boarding houses to her house, dressed them in her clothes, loaded them with her jewels, and introduced them to her millionaire friends. The next day she told the newspaper of her successful trick, exulted over the enthusiasm with which "society" had accepted her victims, and thus demonstrated that "wealth and false pride form the barriers between the classes."

The contriver of the scheme said to the reporters, "I once dressed up my cook in one of my gowns, and she mingled with my guests. Her figure was beautiful, and she made a stunning appearance. But she did not feel at her ease, and stayed only a short time. Back to the kitchen she went."

It is to be hoped that the girls in her latest experiment, nay, that the hostess herself, may show as good sense as did Mary, the cook. But the



Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

WHY FRANCE IS RICH.

PARIS is the Mecca of foreigners. They come from all parts of the world to enjoy life in the great metropolis; and the yearly income from this source alone approximates \$600,000,000. Along with this item the earnings of French capitalists on their investments in the securities and properties of other countries amount to fully \$250,000,000 yearly. On the other side of the account is an adverse balance of trade which in 1907 amounted to \$120,000,000. Deduct this outgo from her income of \$850,000,000, and it leaves France with \$730,000,000 to the good. Instead of getting an income of \$600,000,000 from foreign tourists, the United States pays out at least \$150,000,000 for the expenses of American tourists abroad. Again, instead of drawing \$250,000,000 yearly from foreign investments, this country pays out \$300,000,000 to foreign investors in our securities and properties. A third factor is the army of aliens who flock here from all parts of the world to hoard up money, which they take back to their own countries; this drain costs us \$300,000,000 more. Add \$100,000,000 more which we pay for ocean freights in foreign vessels, and the yearly outgo is \$850,000,000. Deduct our yearly income of \$500,000,000 for favorable trade balance, and it leaves a yearly deficit of \$350,000,000.—Moody's Magazine.

CRIMINALS MADE BY THE LAW.

IT IS entirely possible that human law, since its invention in the dawn of civilization, has made more criminals than original sin, heredity or environment. Like all human institutions, it is born in imperfectness and progresses slowly to perfection through long and weary cycles of advancing civilization. Within historic times criminal law has changed its spirit from brute revenge and sordid compensation to that of deterrence and prevention, with some dim notion of reform of the criminal. But it is still crusted and barnacled, especially in respect of offenses against property, with the gross brutalities and blind prejudgments of its barbaric origin. These are the agencies by which law makes criminals, begetting progeny only to devour them like the earlier god of a primitive race.

We do not realize how many of these savageries survive in modern law, how many human personalities are sacrificed to some trivial fetish of property, until a flash of romantic interest like that in John Carter reveals the possibilities of outrage and injustice under the law of burglary we have inherited from British feudalism.

The whole viewpoint of criminal law is slowly changing, though the fossils by whom it is made in legislatures and administered in the courts are naturally the last to realize it. Traditional law looked only at the particular offense charged or proved, measuring out punishment for it by ancient standards without regard to the human nature and capacities of the criminal.

The law of the future will look first of all at these,

secluding for life the habitual and incurable criminal whenever caught, for a small offense or none at all, but giving the perpetrator of whatever offense the full advantage of whatever latent capacities for reform his nature may contain. That law will gradually extinguish old criminals without making new ones.—Minneapolis Tribune.

PEARY WON'T PRODUCE THE PROOFS.

PEARY'S refusal to submit his proofs to Congress or to scientific bodies other than the National Geographic Society ought to dispose of the bill to retire him with increased rank and pay. The excuse of contracts with publishers is not sufficient. Peary might submit his proofs without their being used to the detriment of himself or publishers, and he might fortify his position by submitting them to the University of Copenhagen and geographical societies of Europe. But he evidently doesn't choose to do so, and he is giving rise to doubts of the success of his expedition.

Peary entirely overlooks his obligations to the United States government. He has devoted the best of thirteen years to polar expeditions, and all the while he has been drawing a salary as commander in the naval service. In other words, he has been given almost continuous leave of absence for thirteen years for prosecuting his personal plans and has drawn pay from the United States for so doing. Though far from the retiring age, he wants to retire with the rank of Rear Admiral of the first class and draw still higher pay for life, so that he may proceed to cash in at high rates the results of his work on Uncle Sam's time.—Houston (Tex.) Post.

IRON DEPOSITS IN CANADA.

IT IS now known positively that iron ores abound in practically every province of Canada. Only eight iron mines are in operation, and only one of these is producing as much as 100,000 tons of ore in a year. It is true; but active preparations are being made in the eastern provinces for exploiting the recently proved deposits of ore on a large scale. At present the chief Canadian blast furnaces draw most of their ore from Belle Isle, in Conception bay, near St. John's, Newfoundland. Newfoundland is very rich in iron ores, and nearly 1,000,000 tons are raised annually, most of which is used in Canada. But enormous and rich reserves of hematite ore have been found in New Brunswick, within easy distance of large coal fields. Deposits of huge quantity and high quality have also been proved in Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia in the east, and in Vancouver and British Columbia in the west. Recent investigations conducted by the department of mines, coupled with private prospecting, inspire the hope that Canada is as rich in iron and steel-making materials as the United States.—Cassier's Magazine.



LARGE SUMMER HATS

ery will provide the table with bread that no doubt will prove much more palatable. The day of the woman drudge is fast nearing its close, and we are not going to turn back to the good old days of the thatched roof and the dirt floor.

Dainty Class Day Frock.



Summery frocks are absorbing most women now, and the pretty girls who are making ready for commencement are especially busy with the dainty summer fabrics. A pretty pink linen model is shown here, a braided tunic of the linen dropping over a plaited skirt and extending up to meet a deep yoke of pink tucked pink batiste. The sleeves are of the tucked batiste, straps of the linen extending down the length of the arm. On these straps and all through the braided pattern are worked coir dots with pink linen floss. The hat is a Gage leghorn model faced with pink satin and trimmed with pink roses and white tulle.

Many Women in the Law.

Few people realize that fully 20,000 American women of to-day have qualified for the law, says the New Idea Magazine. Nearer the average conception is the number who have become advocates before the United States Supreme Court—40. Yet it is

and spots and its satisfying harmony with any color of costume.

Parasols are seen with long, fantastic handles of carved wood, such as elephant and bulldog heads.

Women's Clothing.

Dr. Haig Ferguson in a lecture at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary the other day had some severe things to say about the clothing of an adult woman. It was hampered by fashion and superstition and nothing could be a greater tribute to the strong nerves and powerful muscles of women than the fact that their health had survived for centuries their habits of clothing.

A woman's clothing was the despair of the hygienist. Children and girls were more sensibly clad, but when girls grew up they were often clothed in a way which made them unable to walk, run or breathe. Weighty skirts, low-necked gowns, "pneumonia blouses," the modern hat, the high-heeled shoe with its pointed toe, were all condemned. But, then, women will have it so and so it will remain.

Sleep and the Brain.

When the brain is at work marshaling ideas, producing mental pictures, and calling into action stored-up memories and impressions, the cells of its mysteriously potent "gray matter" undergo a change of form. Cavities are formed in them, which, as the brain becomes wearied by long-continued action, fill with a watery fluid. Part of the substance of the cells appear to have been consumed in the process of thinking, but in the hours of sleep the exhausted cells regain their original form, the supply of recuperative material coming from the blood, and on awakening, the mind finds its instrument restored and prepared again for action.

A Disappointment.

Artists, poets and writers generally conspire to represent woman as being beautiful, gentle, self-sacrificing and the embodiment of love. With this extravagant ideal of woman formed for them in their youth, it is surprising that many men are doomed to disappointment.—Truth.

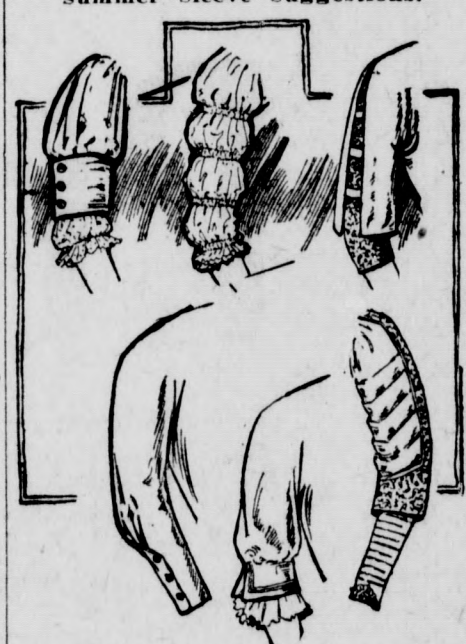
Woman and the Motor Car.

Can a woman drive a motor car? Robert Glass says she can, and in the Cutting Magazine tells why. In one place he says:

"Unusual physique is not necessary

task of the two young women is not an easy one. Will they go back to simplicity and industry and honesty and womanliness? Or will they plot to force their way, by hook or crook, in the not too genuine world of which they have caught a glimpse?—Youth's Companion.

Summer Sleeve Suggestions.



Very few sleeves now are all in one piece. An over and undersleeve are used in almost every case. The first sketch shows a foulard silk sleeve with deep cuff over an undersleeve of dotted net. The second sketch is a lingerie effect in white batiste, strapped with lace insertion. No 3 shows the "peasant" or seamless shoulder, an extension of the bodice forming the sleeve, which falls over an undersleeve of heavy lace. Nos 4 and 5 show sleeves taken from two mohair frocks, one a tailored street gown and the other a little white mohair house dress. The last sketch is a ponce sleeve trimmed with oriental embroidery and mounted over an undersleeve of cream tucked batiste.

To Soften Paint Brushes.

To soften an old paint brush in which the paint has been allowed to dry, heat some vinegar to the boiling point, and allow the brush to simmer in it a few minutes. Remove and wash well in strong soap suds, and the brush will be like new.

Explained at Last.

Women are better than men, because they do not have women to tempt them.—Smart Set.

LEGAL INFORMATION

The applicant for citizenship in the case of In re Knight, 171 Federal Reporter, 299, was born upon a schooner lying the British flag, in the Yellow Sea, off the coast of China. His father was of English birth and parentage; his mother was half Chinese and half Japanese, having been married to applicant's father in Shanghai under British colors. Applicant was 43 years old, intelligent, of good character, and had served since 1882 in the United States navy, and had won a medal for service on the flagship Olympia in the battle of Manila bay. The naturalization statute applies to aliens, either white or of African nativity or descent. A person half white and half some other race belongs to neither of those races, but is literally a half-breed. This holding would appear to exclude mulattoes. The application was refused by the Federal District Court.

A woman of culture and refinement having contracted anesthetic leprosy while engaged in missionary work in Brazil, was ordered removed by the city board of health to the city's pesthouse, a structure of four small rooms, used theretofore for the isolation of negroes with smallpox, and situated within 100 yards of the city garbage heap. A distinguished specialist had pronounced the infection not contagious, and no evidence of contagion had appeared, although complainant had mingled freely with other people. In Kirk v. Wyman, 65 Southeastern Reporter, 387, complainant insisted that her condition did not justify her immediate removal to the pesthouse until suitable accommodations were provided for her, and applied for an injunction to restrain the action of the board. The South Carolina Supreme Court, believing that the official action of the board was so arbitrary and that there was no adequate relief in a suit for damages, maintained the injunction.

The case of United States Telephone Co. v. Central Union Telephone Co., 171 Federal Reporter, 130, is a valuable and interesting contribution to the law governing the rights of telephone companies as public service corporations. The complainant company made contracts with several local companies, by which it was agreed that they should give long-distance connections to complainants and permit no connection with any other company for a period of 99 years. Complainants alleged that

duced by the unlawful acts of defendant, and prayed an injunction restraining further interference with their contract rights. The United States Circuit Court draws a distinction between the telephone business and the sleeping car business, in which it was held in Chicago, St. L. & N. O. R. Co. v. Pullman Co., 139 U. S. 79, 11 Sup. Ct. 490, 35 L. Ed. 97, that a contract for exclusive rights for the term of fifteen years to furnish sleeping cars to a railroad company was not invalid. It is possible for all travelers to obtain like accommodations on sleeping cars, notwithstanding they may all be furnished by a single company; but where there are different telephone companies, each having its own list of subscribers, it is impossible to give them like service unless each company be allowed the right of connection with the local exchanges. This being the case, the contract in question would necessarily prevent local companies from carrying out to the full extent their duties as public service corporations. The agreements were held invalid and injunction denied.

ENGLISH BANK NOTES.

Curious Indorsements—£5 Notes Are the Lowest Now Issued.

The custom of indorsing English bank notes, even when they pass in some trivial purchase, is a surprise to most Americans who go abroad for the first time. It is an old custom and one which has led to many curious inscriptions on the notes.

A debtor in prison wrote on the back of a £10 note "The first debt I have honestly paid for a year," while a prodigal son turned the tables against himself when he wrote on a £20 note "The last of thousands left by my father, who slaved to earn them."

In 1759 the Bank of England began to issue £10 notes as well as £20, till then exclusively used. It was not till thirty years after that £5 notes were brought out, and in 1797 there were £1 and £2 notes, but they ceased in 1821, owing to the immense amount of forgery they led to, says the Queen. Hundreds if not thousands were handed for counterfeiting notes for such small sums.

A curious bank note designed by Hone has prison chains across one end, is signed by Jack Ketch, a row of malefactors hanging with ropes around their necks appears on the face and a series of criminals' heads on the other side, together with the words "Until the resumption of cash payments or the abolition of the punishment by death." The "£" which in the corner usually preceded the amount and value of the note was formed of rope.

From April 5, 1829, the £5 note has

been the lowest procurable from the Bank of England. Of late the desirability of once more issuing the £1 note has been discussed.

In 1827 a £1,000 note was the highest, but £50,000 notes have been issued, and there is a story of a certain tradesman keeping such a one by him as a curiosity, while a gentleman framed one, which his executors promptly cashed at his death. There is a family tradition about the visit of a certain church functionary at a house when some disputed point had to be settled by reference to the Bible, and the one belonging to the deceased mother was brought down from a shelf, dusty and unused, but within was found a note for £40,000.

The Bank of England note of to-day has taken some time and many inventions to bring it to its present condition. The numbering machine was first employed in 1809, steel-plate engraving was supplanted by the sidographic machine, and that by electrolytic surface printing. The great aim is to prevent forgery, the paper employed being unique and the watermark and private marks are all in favor of the banker.

Old Man Hare.

John Hare, the eminent English actor-manager, said that the most delightful compliment he ever received was from Mr. Gladstone. It was a double-edged compliment. Whichever way you took it it was satisfactory.

Mr. Hare earned fame playing old men's parts, his character as Mr. Gold by in "A Pair of Spectacles" being a good example. Added to this was a horror of having his picture taken.

Mr. Gladstone had never seen a picture of the actor, but he knew him well behind the scenes as well as before the footlights. The premier's favorite play was "A Pair of Spectacles," and he always went behind the scenes to chat a while with the actor. The really old man and the made-up old man would sit there and talk in the most delightful way for an hour after the show.

One day the Earl of Rosebery had Mr. Gladstone to dinner, and he also invited his friend John Hare. The actor came in smooth-shaven, looking about thirty-five. He was presented to Mr. Gladstone, and the prime minister shook his hand most cordially and said:

"My dear sir, I am very, very glad to meet you. I know your father very, very well. Splendid actor! Fine old man!"

It took the whole evening for the earl and Mr. Hare to convince him that the son was really the father.

In buying a gentle horse, always remember that a gentle horse is a lazy horse.

COLMA RECORD

Published Weekly

J. L. BROWN

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FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1910.

SAYS GEORGE SONTAG IS ONLY IMITATION BANDIT

Wife of Chris Evans Invokes Law to Stop "Reform Lectures."

Portland, Or.—By an order of Justice of the Peace Bell, George Sontag, the former bandit, was forbidden to continue exhibiting in Portland pictures illustrating a battle between officers on the one side and members of the Evans and Sontag gang of robbers on the other, accompanied by illustrated "lectures."

Mrs. Chris Evans, wife of Sontag's former partner, who is now serving time at Folsom, was the complainant. The action was based on a law forbidding the representation of a crime at a theater. Upon learning of Sontag's presence and his announced intention to give "reformer" lectures, George W. Evans, a son of Chris Evans, went to him and asked him to desist from showing the pictures in this city. Being refused, saying that he had his living to make, and as he had to wait over in Portland for a time he was going to make what money he could while here.

"Sontag was only an imitation bandit to begin with," says Mrs. Evans. "He slipped into our home as a guest, quietly stood by while his brother and my husband resisted the officers, then surrendered himself to the officers and remained safe in jail while the eleven-months' fight went on between his brother John and Chris on one side and the whole populace on the other, and finally secured his freedom by implicating his defender falsely in train robberies occurring 1000 miles away. He's not a reformer, but an informer."

WORLD HAS SUFFERED LOSS BY DEATH OF PROF. KOCH

Bacteriologist's Discoveries Were of Great Benefit to Mankind.

Baden Baden.—Professor Robert Koch, the famous bacteriologist, is dead from a disease of the heart. He was born at Klausthal, Hanover, December 11, 1843.

Professor Koch became distinguished as an investigator of micro-organisms, but probably gained most of his renown as the discoverer of the bacilli of tuberculosis and of cholera. It was in 1882 that Professor Koch first announced his discovery of the bacilli of tuberculosis. The following year he was sent by the German Governor to India and Egypt to study cholera and there he discovered the comma bacillus, the presence of which is regarded as an infallible test in diagnosing Asiatic cholera.

Professor Koch received decorations from the German and French Governments for his discoveries. He visited the United States in 1908 and attended the International Tuberculosis Congress in Philadelphia.

Gates to Endow University.

Galveston.—John W. Gates, while declaring that he has not joined the Methodist church, has offered \$250,000 for the erection of a Methodist university, besides donating a site of 40 acres of land on the edge of Port Arthur, Texas. He offered to double any fund the church would raise and the general conference, embracing several states, agrees to raise \$125,000.

Fix Price of Indian Lands.

Washington.—The United States Court of Claims handed down its decision in the Ute Indian case, entering judgment for the Indian claims for \$3,408,611, as just compensation for the lands confiscated by the United States Government.

Eighteen Drowned in Steamer Wreck.

Port Huron, Mich.—Eighteen persons lost their lives when the steamer Frank Goodyear sank in Lake Huron off Point Aux Barques, after being rammed amidships by the steamer James B. Wood.

PITHY RESUME OF EVENTS OF ENTIRE WORLD

Brief Paragraphs That Give Busy Readers Review of Week's Happenings.

Summary of News Gathered by Cor- respondents Located in Every Quarter of the Globe.

London.—Lieutenant Boyd Alexander, the noted traveler and explorer, has been murdered by natives near Wadai, in the French Congo.

Canon City, Colo.—Emerson Brewer, a fruit grower, was killed by lightning during an electrical storm. He was struck while sitting on the roof of a new house he was building.

Kiel.—The German navy's newest 19,000-ton cruiser Von der Tann developed a speed of 28 knots an hour in a trial run from the mouth of the Elbe. The Von der Tann was launched at Hamburg March 19, 1909.

Manilla.—It is the general opinion that the sinking of the dry dock Dewey was due to carelessness rather than to a deliberate purpose on the part of the station employees, who are Japanese, to cause damage.

Shanghai.—Native riots occurred at Chuan-Chia, 30 miles northeast of Changsha, a few days ago. A considerable portion of the city was burned. The Lutheran church was destroyed by fire. The general unrest and anti-foreign sentiment are spreading.

Paris.—The Hankow-Sze Chuong Railway loan agreement has been signed. The signers are representatives of financial groups of the United States, France, Great Britain and Germany. The agreement provides for a loan to the Chinese Government of \$30,000,000 for railroad construction.

New York.—The first Cuban war vessel to visit the harbor of New York is anchored in the Hudson river, just below Grant's tomb. She is the cruiser Hatuey, 535 tons. Formerly the steam yacht Pantoset of Boston and now armed with four guns, she is now the flagship of the coast guard fleet of the island republic.

Cincinnati, O.—An aggressive campaign against sumptuary laws was planned by the National Liquor Dealers' Association at a conference of State presidents of the organization. It was urged that a firm stand should be taken for the enactment and enforcement of statutes by which disreputable saloons might be eliminated.

New York.—"Hard times" are ascribed as the reason for declaring off the annual baseball game and dinner of the teams of the New York and Boston stock exchanges. The affair has taken place annually for three or four years and last June was held in Boston. It is said that the men who usually take part in the game feel that they cannot spare the time.

Little Rock, Ark.—In the opinion of Dr. W. D. Hunter, entomologist of the United States department of agriculture, the boll weevil will have invaded the entire cotton belt within the next 15 years. This prediction was made at the session of the interstate cotton seed crushers annual meeting. To forestall the ravages of the weevil, Hunter suggested early planting.

Huntington, Ark.—Hoping to win a purse of \$4 with which to buy groceries for his hungry wife and five small children, J. L. Osborne, a miner here, agreed to leap from a 50-foot bridge into Cherry creek and then swim 150 yards. Osborne made the leap and thereby lost the money and his life. He landed safely in the water, but when near his goal his body was caught in a whirlpool and he was drowned. Osborne's widow got the purse.

Chicago.—Fifteen years ago Julius Hoffman, a widower, procured a marriage license, giving the name of his prospective bride as Mrs. Henrietta Domke, a widow. A few days ago, the couple were married by Judge Frank Green at West Hammond, Cook county. The same marriage license, yellow from age, was presented to the magistrate. Hoffman told Judge Green that his own and Mrs. Domke's children had objected to the match until recently.

London.—A committee of the Humanitarian League has addressed an open letter to Theodore Roosevelt in regard to his African hunting expedition protesting against the slaughter of animals. The league in its letter says it deeply regrets that by his recent expedition, "during which large numbers of animals and birds were destroyed for what were termed purposes of science, but which we must think primarily were purposes of mere amusement, you have given world-wide encouragement to that senseless lust of slaughter which is misnamed sport."

COAST EVENTS OF PAST WEEK TERSELY TOLD

Interesting News Items From States Bordering On the Broad Pacific.

Assemblage of Paragraphs That Pre- sent Important Occurrences in Condensed Form.

Sacramento.—After holding a mob at bay for 19 blocks, an unknown bandit shot himself in the head after he had tried to hold up the grocery store of M. S. Williams at 1630 Eeventh street.

Pasadena.—Captain John Pembroke Jones the oldest graduate of the United States Naval academy at Annapolis and veteran of the Mexican and Civil wars, died at his home here last week at the age of 85 years.

San Mateo.—While mowing hay John G. Loureiro was startled by the screams of a child issuing from under his machine. He found that he had run over his 24-year-old daughter and that the sharp knives of the mower had severed her left hand at the wrist.

San Jose.—Charles Chiften must spend the rest of his days in the penitentiary for the murder of Night-watchman George Whybark in Santa Clara, March 14. A jury found him guilty of first degree murder and fixed the penalty at life imprisonment.

Porterville.—An 80-acre tract of orange land, which less than four years ago was bought for \$3400, was sold last week for over \$20,000. Some nursery stock went with the place when it was bought four years ago, and this, now planted, added to the value of the land.

Santa Rosa.—Professor Ernest Bassanessi, an educator in Venice for a number of years, and who, after coming to this country, lost a fortune, was found by searchers wandering in the hills above Melitta. It is said his finer sensibilities could not stand the shock of being reduced in the world.

Los Gatos.—The recount in the Los Gatos election contest resulted in R. P. Doolan being declared trustee by six votes over F. W. Derrickson. As Mr. Doolan favors a more liberal liquor policy in the town, and two of the other trustees take a similar view, the "wets" feel that they have won at least a partial victory.

San Francisco.—The minimum temperature of Mt. Whitney in the winter time, knowledge of which has not hitherto been gained by scientists, has at last been determined. Professor A. G. McAdie, the local weather forecaster, says the low temperature there has been found to be 23 degrees, Fahrenheit, below zero.

San Bernardino.—A pack mule in from the desert after a five months' trip developed a limp. An examination of the mule's hoof revealed a gold nugget, estimated to be worth \$500. The mule belongs to Clyde Durham and James Desmond, prospectors, but they have no idea in what part of the desert the Gold was picked up.

Sacramento.—Politicians will soon have a handbook giving the rules of the game. Under the direction of Secretary of State Charles Curry there will be issued in a few weeks a compilation of the election laws of the State. The handbook will also contain the United States constitution, naturalization law, some general laws, and the proposed Federal income tax.

San Leandro.—In order to decide which boy or girl in the San Leandro public schools can eat the greatest number of cherry pies, the entertainment committee in charge of the annual cherry festival has arranged for a pie-eating contest on Saturday afternoon, June 11. A prize of \$10 will be awarded to the winner and \$5 to the next biggest consumer of the delectable pastry.

Berkeley.—To investigate the agricultural experiment stations of the Middle West, Professor C. B. Lipman, soil bacteriologist of the university, left here last week for a trip of two months. All of the agricultural stations of the Middle West will be visited by the savant, whose soil investigations are famous, and he will learn their methods of study and the lines of investigation they are following.

Wengler.—Lumber saved here will be sent to Redding this season by the Pitt and Sacramento rivers instead of by wagon, as has been the custom in former years. The rivers are too rocky too permit of large rafts, but the lumber will be made into small bundles and handled in this way. The first drive of the season will consist of about 2,500,000 feet, and will start about June 1. This will be the largest drive ever attempted in California.

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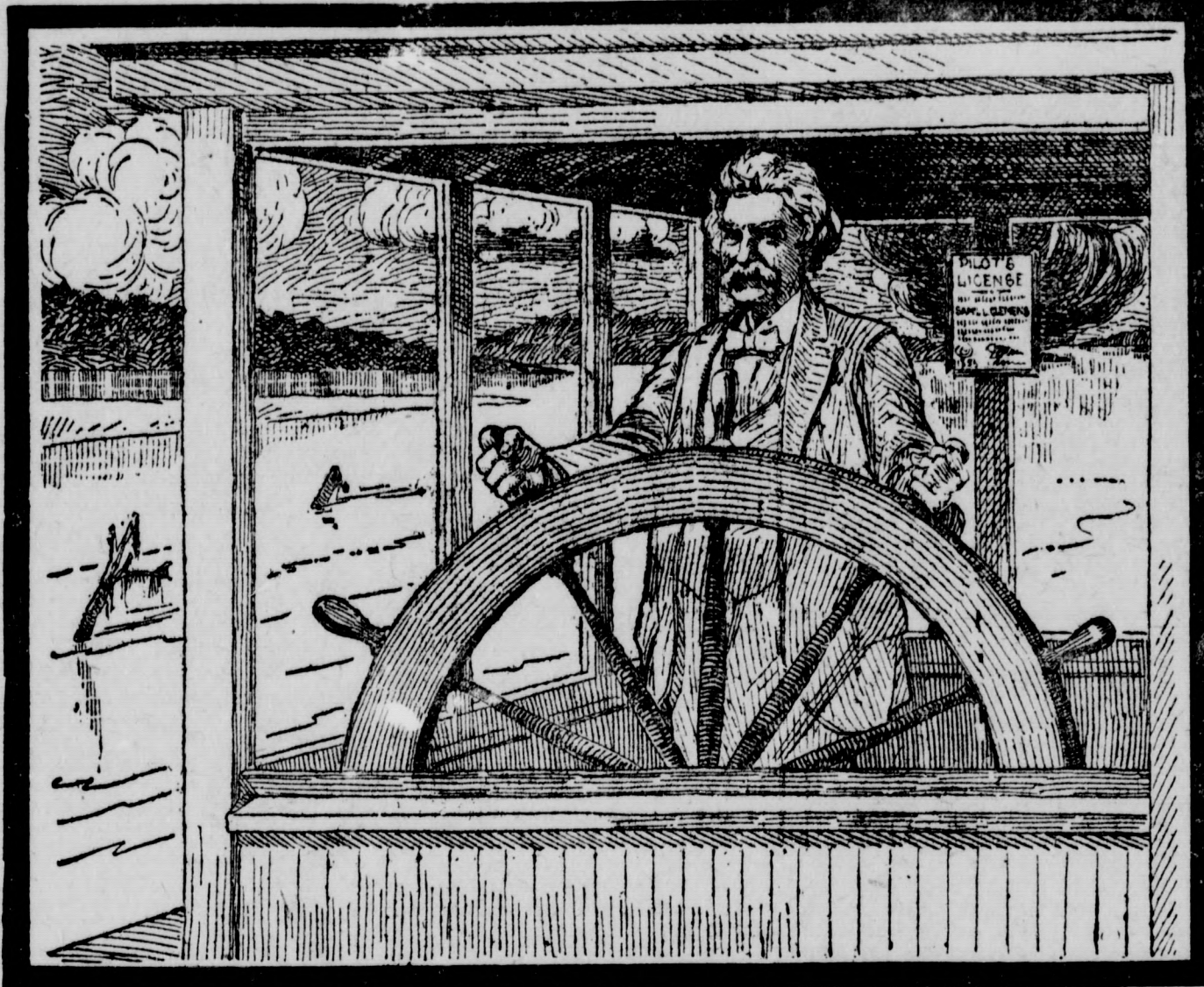
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MARK TWAIN.

Chicago Record-Herald.



His hands fall from the wheel; he looks no more
To see what reef or shoal may be ahead,
What narrow channel there may be to thread,
What jagged rocks may jut out from the shore!
What message is it that the leadsmen send?
"MARK TWAIN!" The troubled engines
cease to throb,
The song the breezes sang ends in a sob;
The trip is done—the world has lost a friend.

On lips he taught to smile the laughter dies,
The sun shines with a lesser, fainter glow;
Along the shores where mirth was spread a low,
Sad murmur passes, and, with tear-dimmed eyes,
Men look out on the stream, yet, while they gaze,
In silence share the comforting belief
That, safe in port, beyond the last dread reef,
His soul is gladdened by a Captain's praise.
—S. E. KISER.

THE ENCHANTED SHEEP-FOLD.

The hills far off were blue, blue,
The hills at hand were brown;
And all the herd-bells called to me
As I came by the down.

The briars turned to roses—roses;
Ever we stayed to pull
A white little rose, and a red little
rose,
And a lock of silver wool.

Nobody heeded—none, none;
And then True Love came by.
They thought him naught but the
shepherd boy,
Nobody knew but I!

The trees were feathered like birds,
birds;
Birds were in every tree,
Yet nobody heeded, nobody heard,
Nobody knew save me.

And he is fairer than all—all;
How could a heart go wrong?
For his eyes I knew, and his knew
mine,
Like an old, old song.
—Josephine Preston Peabody.

A Woman's "No"

Cyril Otterson proposed to me for the first time at Henley regatta. We were in a Canadian canoe, and Cyril pleaded his cause passionately into my left ear in the intervals between pushing boats and punts out of our path. Why he chose such a ridiculous time I have never understood, and I found it exceedingly difficult to convey my answer to him with the decision and clearness I should have liked—that answer being a decided negative.

A widow of 23, with a tidy income, never lacks admirers of a sort; add a certain amount of good looks, which I know, without conceit, I possess, and men become a positive nuisance.

"No, Cyril, dear," I said, "I really couldn't. You know I like you awfully, and, what's more, you amuse me, and, of course, we shall always be pals. But marriage, dear, never again; so let's leave it at that."

"All right," said Cyril, in that peculiarly aggravating way he has; "all right, old girl, but I'm a long way from beaten, and you wait and see; I shall marry you somehow."

The second time he proposed to me was in a box at the theater. It happened to be a very pathetic play, and Cyril, who has no idea of the fitness of things, kept whispering words of love and adoration, while the audience were in a state of dreadful suspense as to whether an erring wife would return to her husband or no. When I had the opportunity, which was during the entr'acte, I said to him: "Now, Cyril, don't be silly; you know quite well that I have given you my final answer."

Cyril said nothing much beyond reiterating his former statement that I was the only woman in the world for him, and other nonsense of that sort, and that he was not beaten. The third time that he proposed to me was in a more or less dormant state for awhile, and that being so, I thought there was no great harm in asking him to tea. We first of all talked about the usual banalities; but, somehow, though I tried desperately hard to keep off dangerous topics, we soon found ourselves in deep water.

"I say, Muriel," he said, Muriel being my name, "it's going to be beautiful weather all October and No-

vember, and I've been thinking things over, and I have an idea, rather a good one, I think."

"Oh," I answered, "what's the idea? Something sensible, I hope. You know my mind quite well on certain points."

"Yes, I know all that, but, as a matter of fact, you don't know yourself as well as I do. What are the plain facts? Firstly, that I simply adore the ground you walk on, that I am head over ears in love with you, with the complete You, mental, physical and spiritual, or, if you like it better, body and soul. I want your companionship all my life, and with it can do things, without it I can't. Secondly, you are all alone, and you admit I amuse you; well, then, why shouldn't I amuse you perpetually? Anyhow, you can't really suppose that I'm going to accept a negative answer. Why, Muriel, dear, it's impossible, and if you won't make up your mind the way I want, then I am going to do it for you. I propose we get married on February 7. I'll go ahead and make all the arrangements, and it'll just give you time to clear off your engagements."

I must admit his cheek simply paralyzed me, and I said: "Now, look here, Cyril, you know I am quite fond of you, but there is a limit even to friendship. The idea of your daring to make a cold-blooded proposition like that to me is simply staggering."

He made no direct reply, merely murmuring some nonsense about Monte Carlo having points over Cairo in the month of February. Then he buttoned up his coat, and said he must be off; kissed my hand—he's never



dared to go farther than that—and said: "All right, Muriel, don't worry; you'll hear from me, and remember the seventh."

The next I heard of Cyril was about a month later, that being towards the end of November. He wrote a long letter, narrating all his shoots and so on, and then, if you please, ended up with the following postscript: "Don't forget the 7th of February. I am quite sure that Monte will be more amusing than Cairo, unless you particularly want to go to Egypt. We shall have a ripping time, and I can't tell you how I'm looking forward to it."

Of course, I had to answer, and likewise gave him my views on the matter in a postscript. It ran: "Don't be an idiot. I hate silly jokes, and I don't even know where I shall be on the date you mention."

December passed off quickly, Cyril only writing once, saying he was making all his arrangements, and sending me a perfectly lovely bracelet—a flex-

ible gold snake with an emerald head and tiny ruby eyes. It was simply too fascinating, and, as Cyril said it was for Christmas, I saw no harm in keeping it, besides which I was fond of him in a way.

In January I was once more back in town at my own flat, and he came to see me. He looked awfully fit and nice after his country spell, and never even referred to what I call unpleasant subjects till just as he was going, when he said casually, "Don't forget the date, dear, will you?"

"I thought that joke was quite exploded," I answered uneasily, for somehow there was something very compelling about him, which I wished to hide from myself.

"Exploded, dearest; what do you think I am about?" and he caught me by the hands and looked straight into my eyes. "Don't you know the truth yet, that I love you with every fiber of my being, and don't you also know that I'm going to make you love me every bit as much?"

With his departure, a feeling that I had been very near the brink of surrender overcame me, and I began to allow to myself that my life was at times more than a little lonely, and that being looked after by Cyril had its points. Day by day I turned the question over in my thoughts, and day by day I found myself weakening.

Moreover, I had seen no more of him, and he had not even written. Men don't realize what a weapon is theirs—one which always conquers the weaker sex—the feeling that perhaps they are not paying one as much attention as heretofore. In fact, I was becoming actually worried—it was not the end of January and I had made no plans. Somehow I felt disinclined to, and the most absurd part was that I found myself packing mechanically all my prettiest dresses, to the astonishment of my maid, who asked me where I was going. I said Monte Carlo, which I positively hoped now was true.

February came and still no news, with the result that I began to work myself into a fever.

It seems almost incredible, but the silence remained unbroken till the evening of the 6th, when I received a telegram containing three words, "Remember the 7th!"

Remember, why I had done nothing but think of it all the time, and now, at the very last minute, came a message like that. The man must be mad; how could one be married at a minute's notice?

I spent a horrible night, and came down in the morning feeling miserable, and, what was much worse, ugly.

About 10 o'clock in walked Cyril, calm and collected as though it was a most ordinary proceeding.

"Well, little girl," he said, "are you coming? I've got a special license from doctors' commons, and we've just time to get married, have a bite of lunch at The Berkeley, and catch the afternoon Continental express."

I went.—Alan Sethbridge in M. A. P.

Lives Turning Points.

The climacteric years are certain years in a man's life that were long believed to be of peculiar significance to him as turning points in his health and fortune. These are the mystic number seven and its multiples, with odd numbers, 21, 35, 49 and 63. The most important of all was the sixty-third year, which was considered fatal to most men.

A boy will get everything you promise him and as much more as possible.

If you expect your friends to fight your battles, you are apt to get whipped.

BERLIN BUTTER BOYCOTT.

Germans, Frugal Souls, Object to Paying 36 Cents a Pound.

Berlin has a butter boycott. It is also spoken of in the dispatches as a bitter boycott, thus, in addition to other attractive features, giving it the neat and alliterative interest that must attend such a movement as the Berlin bitter butter boycott. The people, frugal souls, object to paying 36 cents a pound for butter, insisting that 26 is quite enough. When we hear such news as this most of us are astounded at the moderation of our own toleration, the Indianapolis News says. For months we have been paying all sorts of prices for butter—some people insist that they have even paid more than that; prices, indeed, that made 36 cents look like the easy times of the days before prosperity hit us so hard. Our prices are not so high now, to be sure, but the product is still quoted at a rate that leaves 36 cents far short of appearing appalling.

Our own butter prices have been subtly progressive. Not many years ago the ordinary householder bought his butter by contract from an itinerant huckster at "25 cents a pound the year round." Then, as prosperity proceeded, there came an autumn when the butter man announced that he would have to charge 30 cents during the winter. This was paid grudgingly, but when the spring came and the grass grew and pasturage became rich there was no return to the 25-cent rate. Under the new dispensation butter had come to 30 cents the year round. Then came another chilling autumn when the huckster concluded that it would be necessary for him to charge 35 cents a pound in the winter. Again it was paid, grudgingly; again the spring came, the grass grew and the pasturage became rich, and again there was no return to the summer price. The year-round contract price is now holding steady at 35 cents, generally speaking, with scant prospect of lower rates for the summer. And the householder has disconcerting visions of 40 cents the year-round price, beginning with next fall. Something may intervene to save him, but he has his doubts. For the last twelve or thirteen years there have been extremely few saving interventions.

A butter boycott, even a bitter butter boycott, would be possible, of course, but experience is not encouraging. The only result of the meat boycott appears to have been higher prices, which we are still paying, although it is admitted that the meat boycott has passed into history. It was a well-intentioned effort, but it evidently did not take fully into consideration humanity's gastric cravings or the strength of the packers' standpoint. We shall watch the effort of the Berliners to force down butter prices with interest, if not exactly with confidence. If they win it will indicate one of two things—either, they have more determination than we have or the people over there who control food prices have less.

QUEER STORIES

The salmon output of Alaska equals the combined catch of British Columbia, the United States proper and Japan.

The crude rate of mortality last year in the seventy-six large English towns, having an estimated population of 16,500,000, did not exceed 14.7 a thousand.

For use in manual training schools a Wisconsin man has patented a tool chest which may be converted into a work bench by clamping it to the top of two desks.

Brazil exported about 8,000,000 pounds of rubber in 1909, calendar year, half to Europe and half to the United States. It was the largest year's export of Brazilian rubber on record.

A metal seat, hinged and suspended by chains from a window casing, has been patented by an Ohio man for window cleaners as well as for use as a shelf on which food may be placed to cool.

From Singapore over \$13,000,000 worth of goods are annually shipped to the United States; yet, of the total number of 29,234 vessels entered there in 1908, only one small craft was American.

The supply of foodstuffs in Germany has only been kept up to the maximum figures by intensive agriculture, the employment of modern machinery, scientific fertilization and the employment of millions of female farm hands. The German workman pays as much as the American for his food, except potatoes, milk and vegetables.

Among the eight thousand applicants who are anxious to join Captain Scott in his British expedition to the south pole, are all sorts and conditions of men—doctors, engineers, civil servants, clerks, army officers, soldiers, seamen, railway porters and men of private means. "The man for the work," said an official of the expedition, "is the man who is absolutely physically fit in all points."

Hospital nurses, when assisting at a delicate operation, have their own way of suppressing a cough or sneeze. The operator's attention must not be distracted for a moment. Coughs and sneezes, too, spread germs on surfaces carefully rendered antiseptic. So every nurse soon learns to press her finger hard on the upper lip, immediately below the nose, when she feels a cough or sneeze coming on.

A man is never quite so philosophical as when he is being pinched.

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A THRILLING SPORT IN CENTRAL ASIA.



FOX HUNTING WITH EAGLES AS ENJOYED BY THE SEMI-WILD KIRGHIZ NOMADS.



CENTRAL ASIA is doubtless the home of falconry. There is no mention of the popular sport among the Romans until after the time of Vespasian, but it is known to have been practiced by them as early as the fourth century. From that time until a comparatively recent date this exhilarating sport was in great favor throughout Great Britain and Europe. In England falconry died out as a popular sport during the time of the Stuarts, so that by the end of the seventeenth century little attention was given it.

In France falconry was most practiced in the first half of the sixteenth century, especially during the time of Francis I. His grand falconer had a yearly revenue of 4,000 florins, or nearly \$2,000. Under his direction there were fifty gentlemen and the same number of falconers, the whole establishment costing that monarch about \$20,000. While this is a rather modest sum, as we view those things to-day, it seems the French King thought he was keeping up this royal sport in a royal way. By the time Louis XIV. ascended the throne of France the institution had become really quite expensive. Louis XVI. tried in vain to reduce the expense of maintaining the royal falconry. It remained for the Revolution to sweep it away in France.

In Germany falconry retained its existence as a popular and national sport until near the close of the eighteenth century. It was also a favorite pastime in Italy and other countries of Europe. In Asia the Persians developed great skill in the art, training falconers to hunt all manner of birds, and even many of the smaller animals of that region, such as the gazelle. Doubtless this is due in great measure to the fact that this sport had its origin in that part of the world.

Old prints and engravings depicting the sport as practiced in England give one little idea of the spirit with

which it is followed in Asia, even to this day. A picture showing the congregation leaving some fashionable New York City church on a pleasant Sunday afternoon would pass for a portrayal of real war just about as truthfully as those old prints showing the nobility going afield to indulge in a few hours of hunting with falcons represent the real sport as followed by the daring riders of Asia who indulge in this pastime. A glance at the accompanying illustration from the London News is conclusive evidence in support of that statement. One can fairly see the movement, so truthfully has the artist handled his subject. It requires no stretch of imagination for one to feel that in such riding there is the thrill that courses through one's being from a keen sense of ever-present danger. Here one sees no ambling palfrey burdened with lady fair, nor over-fat charger bearing a knight in silken armor; and the difference is quite noticeable, indeed.

Another noticeable feature brought out in the illustration is that the natives of those regions not only use hawks and falcons, but they train eagles for the purpose of pursuing such game as the gazelle, the fox and even the wolf. The Kirghiz nomads of Central Asia are keen sportsmen who highly prize these magnificent birds and the sport they give. During part of the year this sport forms their chief amusement. The men ride out in company and beat the country for a fox, their favorite quarry. The hunt is short, but the excitement is intense. As soon as the quarry is sighted the eagle is unhooded and thrown. A mad rush follows—eagles, dogs and men on their wildly racing steeds. The eagle "stoops" at the fox in efforts to turn it. When successful, the dogs rush in and pull the quarry down.

The weight of these birds is very great, and on the saddle can be seen the wooden perch which the falconer uses to support his arm when carrying an eagle on his fist.

OUR PATENT SYSTEM FAULTY.

Sixty Per Cent of Issues Are Valueless, in Whole or Part.

"We are handing out to-day, in 60 per cent of the cases, patents that are almost worthless, in whole or in part," was the declaration made by Commissioner of Patents Moore at a hearing before the House committee on patents, the Washington Star says.

"No other country does that," he added. "We are away back in that matter. We have been asleep. Germany has a vastly superior system to ours. So has Great Britain. I have been over there three times to investigate conditions in Europe. We are trying to build up this system so that it will be worth something."

"It is unwieldy now and if not braced in many directions it will fall of its own weight. The German patents are better, because their applications are more thoroughly searched before patents are granted, owing, of course, to the better facilities afforded by the German patent office. The German patent is regarded as of greater validity because they have the facilities for searching as to novelty. Their examination exhausts everything and Germany is thus enabled to guarantee the novelty of the invention; the government makes that guaranty of the patent, throwing the burden of proof on the infringer."

The board of examiners in chief is a judicial body and passes upon a great quantity of cases, where large monetary interests are at work. I could cite you many cases where influences are brought to bear. I have been approached. There is hardly a day passes that some sort of influence is not brought to bear upon some one in our office, upon me, and, I suppose, every commissioner has felt the same thing."

Commissioner Moore was advocating proposed legislation to amend the patent laws and practices.

KING OF TRAMPS.

After Girdling Globe 6 Times Frank Clark Warns of the Wanderlust.

Frank Clark, king of tramps, arriving in Chicago after completing his sixth trip around the world, says he has traveled 300,000 miles. He walked 265,000 of that distance, riding 35,000 miles in the United States and Canada without the payment of one cent fare. He exhibits newspaper clippings and other credentials in support of his claim. Clark says:

I am a hobo by choice and am the king of tramps. In my twenty-two years' travels I have visited every nook and corner of the world, and have circled the globe six times.

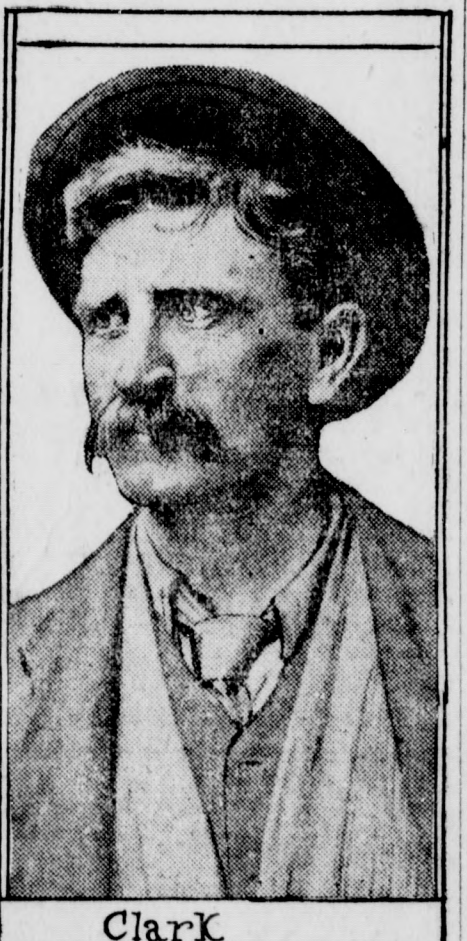
The wanderlust was proved a curse to me. It seized hold of me when I was a ragged newsboy on the Bowery in New York. I joined the navy that I might not turn to tramping the universe. But it was too tame, and when I was 24 years old I began to roam. Since then I have been constantly on the go, just a plain everyday American hobo.

I made it a study and became a professional tramp. Now I am an old

man. My hair is tinged with gray, and I walk with a stoop. I am tired of it all. I am a failure in life. I never married. Sometimes I wonder if I could not have been a success in life had I tried. It all seems like a dream. But I am through tramping. I came back to America to die. Belated ambitions have lately sprung up in my breast and I want to satisfy them before I die. Maybe it is too late now. I fear it is.

Nothing I have done was worth while. I have been taking in the sights all my life. My experiences read like a yellow back novel, but they don't bring me bread. I am lonely and tired of it all, and have no place to go. Any place is home to me.

I have been imprisoned and driven out of four countries. I have mingled with the scum of the earth. Women



Clark

tramps of Spain have been my companions one month, and I have associated with successful Americans abroad the next. Too often for my own good American consuls have come to my rescue and have made me comfortable. Again I would go hungry for days.

I learned to speak the language of every country in the world; at least I picked up enough to ask for lodging and food. I have been shot at, and beaten into insensibility by ruffians of foreign countries.

There are thousands of boys in the United States that have this same craving to travel. To them I will say: Stay with your parents.

Don't read yellow-back novels. Go to school and study hard, and attend Sunday school.

Wait until you can afford to travel before you begin to roam.

Because: A tramp must sleep in barns.

Often he must go hungry

He may dress in rags. He is likely to fall into evil ways. He may be a drunkard or burglar. He must chop wood.

No one has any respect for him. He loses interest in life, and may decide life is not worth living.

There are scores of other reasons why boys should not be tramps. Last of all, I point to myself as a reason why a boy should not be a hobo. If you have the wanderlust, overcome it before you are lost.

LAWYER A MODERN INNOVATION

Evolution from the Crude and Barbarous Rulings of the Powerful.

In the more primitive times the man was the head of all family relations; his wife, his children, his servants, were his to do with as he would. If a babe was deformed, sickly or a girl where he wanted a man-child, he had only to say the word and it was slain or exposed to the elements and wild beasts.

Later kings arose, and when such an one ruled a tribe or nation "whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive." Suspicion in the king's mind meant death, swift and merciless and lingering through untold tortments when kindly hatred or policy so decreed. In due time the priest became at times superior to patriarchal prince and kingly tyrant and claimed his human sacrifices to appease the outraged gods.

Not only the criminal and the captive enemy perished. "In Ur of the Chaldees," when Abram left the city with his childless wife Sarai, both doubtless rejoiced in their hearts that no man-child of theirs had gasped out its budding life on the altar of Hurki, the relentless moon god. Under systems so crude and cruel man lived subjected to strong thieves and slaying mercilessly brute and man who lessened by fraud or force his limited substance. From a general paucity of necessities and luxuries and the ease of escape beyond the reach of post or pursuit, arose the Draconian laws, which put to death millions of human beings for crimes that to-day are petty offenses indeed.

Naturally this "king's justice" was an inquisition and not a trial, decided not on abstract rules and carefully weighed evidence, but by whatever rude justice, mercy, policy or favor might rule the royal mind or judge's reason for the time. Execution followed fast upon sentence, and when the Assyrian's face was covered and he was led forth he knew that bitter torture or sudden death was close at hand.

Whoever questioned the justice of the king or the decision of judge or priest might be a brave man, but seldom survived the resentment of his judges. Therefore the lawyer is a modern innovation.

A Little Scheme of Hers.

Ella—Why do you let him call you by your first name?

Stella—I want to encourage him to help me get rid of my last name.—Judge.

WHEN GRASS SHALL COVER ME.

When the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer blooms nor winter snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing;
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was."
You will say, "How true she was."
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom—
While I laugh, or weep, or sing
Nevermore, for anything,
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet small voices, odorless,
Tender pleadings in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer to-morrow;
When your heart will mourn 'alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was"—
When the grass grows over me!
—Ina Coolbrith.

Proposing by the Dictionary

Miss Ruth Culberson bought her dictionary at a fire sale. It was unabridged and contained eighty thousand words printed on one thousand two hundred and eighty-one pages of heavy white paper. There was no appendix of weights and measures and proper names, but then she paid only nineteen cents for it.

Ruth laid the dictionary on the small table that stood in the center of the room, a perfect monument of ugliness, and without unwrapping it or rouschafing any explanation as to what it was she went into the alcove adjoining their little parlor and began to remove the dust and cinders she always carried home with her from the down town district.

Her mother regarded the package on the table with increased curiosity. She felt it and lifted it and tried to



"IS THAT EVER TO BE FOR ME?" HE ASKED.

tear off a corner of the paper covering, but she did not remove the wrapper.

Ruth came back into the parlor at length and sat down near the window. Mrs. Culberson looked from the package at her daughter and back again in silent agony. Presently she could endure the strain no longer.

"What did you get to-day, Ruthie?" she asked meekly.

Ruth turned around with a wondering air, as if not fully comprehending the import of the query. Her eyes followed her mother's to the ugly center table, and "Oh, that," she said, with a smile, "that's a dictionary."

Mrs. Culberson's dismay could not have been more complete had she been informed that her daughter had brought home a boa constrictor.

"And what did you get that for, Ruthie?" she asked.

"Because I needed it," returned Ruth.

"It must have been pretty expensive," hazarded her mother.

"Yes," said Ruth, "it cost nineteen cents."

Mrs. Culberson appeared relieved, but not entirely satisfied. "It seems to me, Ruthie," she went on querulously, "that a girl who works for ten dollars a week, which is the only income two people have to depend upon, ought not to spend her money for a dictionary. If you had nineteen cents to spare for books why didn't you buy three or four of those paper-backed novels that would be of some interest to me, instead of a dictionary?"

"Mother," said Ruth quietly, "I wish you hadn't asked that. It makes it necessary for me to remind you of some things that would perhaps better be left unsaid. Whose fault is it that we have to live on ten dollars a week? Is it mine? Did I take what money my father had left us and squander it in dishonorable speculation? Is it my fault that I have to go had to work ever since I was ten years of age?"

"Am I to be blamed because you, in your old age and sickness, are obliged to sit here day after day in this cheerless, comfortless room which is all I can give you except the food that holds soul and body together? And lastly, mother, is it my fault that my education was so neglected when I was young that I find it necessary to refer so often to the dictionary now? I am not complaining, mother, but you ought not to reproach me for indulging in just one expenditure in which your comfort was not considered."

In spite of Mrs. Culberson's keen disappointment in regard to her

daughter's purchase, she derived unlimited satisfaction from dilating on the merits of the dictionary to the other boarders.

"If you ever want to look anything up," she said cordially, "just drop into our room and see what the dictionary says. You'll always find it on the stand in the front room."

The Culbersons lived in a boarding house where dictionaries were a rare commodity. Indeed, Ruth's was the only one about the house, except Mr. Winter's edition, which contained only the words in most common use.

But somehow as soon as it became known that there was a large dictionary in Mrs. Culberson's room on the second floor and that everybody had been given free access thereto the desire for knowledge was given a wonderful impetus.

But the person who found occasion to refer to the big book most frequently was Mr. Winter. Mr. Winter was a grocer. Of course, in his business he daily met with many terms that required elucidation. Hitherto he had found the pocket edition perfectly satisfactory, but after the advent of the unabridged dictionary, the much-worn, green-backed little book suddenly lost its usefulness and never an evening passed that Mr. Winter did not rap at Mrs. Culberson's door and politely request to "come in and look at the dictionary a minute."

His prolonged visits annoyed Mrs. Culberson at first. His presence prevented her scolding at Ruth, and as he, himself, seemed deeply immersed in scholastic lore, thus forbidding opening a conversation with him, the poor old lady's evenings became seasons of exquisite torment.

"I don't know what makes him come up here, so often," she said, petulantly, one night, after he had closed the dictionary and gone away. "He's an awful bore."

"It's your own fault he comes," said Ruth. "You invited him."

"Of course I invited him," retorted Mrs. Culberson. "I invited all of them. Doesn't he annoy you?"

"No," she said softly; "I don't know that he does."

As the spring days took on the heat of summer, Mrs. Culberson became more fretful. Ruth became younger and prettier, and Mr. Winter studied a still later hour each evening in blissful oblivion of the added heat of the gas jet.

Mrs. Culberson had long since ceased sitting up waiting for him to go, but bade him good night and went to bed in the alcove.

One evening in early June, 1 o'clock passed and Mr. Winter had as yet made no movement toward going away. Ruth watched him closely, as she always did when he seemed engrossed with the works before him, and she noticed that he had not turned a page for more than an hour.

He looked up at length and their eyes met. Ruth felt her face flushing hot, and with the realization of her weakness the flush grew deeper.

"It's a pretty knotty problem that I have been puzzling over to-night," he said with a sigh.

"Couldn't you find what you were looking for?" she asked softly.

"I hardly know. I found the word I wanted. Whether it will ever mean to me what I would like it to mean I do not know. Here it is. I have been looking at it a good deal lately."

He turned the big dictionary around till she could read the line over which his finger rested. There was one word underlined with a pencil and she knew it was the one he wished her to see. It spelled I-o-v-e.

"Is that ever to be for me?" he asked.

The blush deepened into scarlet then. For a moment a look of exceeding happiness transfigured her face, but a moment later the old troubled expression drove it away. She turned the leaves of the dictionary till she came to the word "mother."

"That's all right," he said, and nodded toward the alcove.

Away over near the back of the book her next answer was found.

"Ruth," called out Mrs. Culberson a quarter of an hour later, "what made Mr. Winter stay so unusually late this evening?"

"He was looking at the dictionary, mother."

"Did he find what he wanted?" asked Mrs. Culberson.

"Yes, mother," said Ruth, "I believe he did."—Grit.

Kangaroo Meat.

In certain parts of New Guinea the wallaby, a species of kangaroo, are very plentiful, and the traveler in search of sport finds the pursuit of them an exciting occupation. Wallaby steak is a refreshing change from canned meats, and the natives are only too glad to have the remnants of the carcass. A writer in an English magazine tells an amusing incident connected with the animal.

He had been ashore in one of the sparsely populated regions of the coast and secured four wallaby, an ample supply for the whole party, native guides and servants included. But he found that, although wallaby is regarded as such a delicacy that no trouble is considered too great to obtain it, none of the native boys in the party would touch it.

This was a mystery until one of them explained that they had been trained in childhood in the belief that if they ate wallaby before reaching a certain age it would stop their growth.

These boys all belonged to the part of the country where wallaby are few, and one can imagine the crafty old folks seated round the festive pot and winking at one another as the young people declined the succulent dainty.

If a girl is all the world to a man he should marry her, and engage in the real estate business.

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HAYNES AUTO SALES CO.
430 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

GOES BEFORE THE KING.

Big Policeman Rides a Big Horse and Delights the Populace.

British crowds delight in processions of public shows of any kind. They invest prominent figures in such street ceremonies with a glory all their own. Thus Wright, the lord mayor's fat coachman, and Police Sergeant A 1, who rides immediately before the king's carriage, are among the most popular men in London, an exchange says.

Wright pleases the multitude because he is fat, for the ill-fed millions of London always hail with delight the man of portly frame and rubeunced visage. Such a man represents a whole year's array of Mansion house banquets to the onlookers on the sidewalk.

Police Sergeant A 1 is less a laughing matter. His presence inspires awe among a people saturated with class differences and the majesty of an unapproachable court.

To ride, as this police sergeant does, jauntily before the entire royal family, is a unique privilege. The sergeant carries it off lightly, too, and, ever on the watch, he proceeds ahead of his ruler, clearing the path, directing the route to be taken, indicating to the street police weak points in the line of protection, detected by his keen, experienced eye.

He is a first-class officer, as one can judge by his badge of A 1, which by a curious coincidence, represents the divisional police district to which he is attached and the number assigned to him on the roll there.

Nearly all the royalties of Europe have been piloted through the London streets by Police Sergeant A 1, and in no city of Europe has there been such complete immunity from attacks by anarchists or other foes of crowned heads.

It is not a wise thing for anybody to attempt to cross the path of Police Sergeant A 1 and try to reach the king's carriage. With a bound the well-trained mount of the soldier-policeman is alongside the venturesome pedestrian and the rider has him in a grasp of iron. In a trice the unwary one is handcuffed and forced into a straitjacket, an undignified figure for holiday crowds to laugh at. The experience of such a luckless person is a sorry one.

Within call of Police Sergeant A 1 are hidden groups of police, mounted and on foot, on all public occasions. England, by reason of the freedom of opinion enjoyed within its borders, is free from street scuffles on the occasion of royal processions, but precautionary measures are always taken. From his lofty seat the stalwart officer scans the crowd as he moves along. An expert in judging the situation, he knows just where to have the crowd pushed back a bit more and where all is well. Many times King Edward has complimented him on the zealous way he has discharged his responsible duties as "the man who goes before the king."

Yet He Meant Well.

Just as the Jackson Park train was leaving the 58th street elevated station, a man who had got off there hurried along the platform and spoke to a passenger sitting by an open window in the smoking car.

"Quick!" he said. "Please hand me that package. I left it on the seat when I got out just now."

"Sure," said the passenger, picking up the bundle and tossing it out of the window.

"Thanks!" "Hey, there! What are you doing that for?" demanded the wrathful, red-faced man sitting next to him.

"Why, he—" "You double-dyed idiot, that package belonged to me! It was \$15 worth of lace and ribbons I was taking home to my wife!"

Over the scene that followed let us draw a veil.—Chicago Tribune.

Well-Conducted Visitors.

George W. Vanderbilt, at a dinner in Asheville, said:

"I am named after George Washington, and as George Washington's birthday approaches, I want to register my faith in the people to whom he gave freedom. These people are worthy of freedom. They don't abuse it. This fact was brought home to me when, on one of the days when Biltmore was open to the public, I strolled unrecognized over the lawn. As I watched the orderly and polite visitors, a shabby young man hissed at me fiercely from a path:

"Hey, git off that! It ain't allowed."

"And he pointed to a keep-off-the-grass sign, and kept his stern eye on me till he saw that the order was obeyed."

Just Shopping.

O'er the pages of the Peerage a maiden likes to pore.

Such an amount.

Will buy a Count;

A Duke costs something more.

She flutters o'er the pages and here and there she'll stop.

She can't afford

A noble Lord,

But can't a damsel shop?

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

One on the Doctor.

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly—Brother Hardesty, in view of your present spiritual coldness, how do you think you would feel if you were called upon to die?

Brother Hardesty—I think I'd feel a good deal of curiosity, doctor, to know whether all the things you've told me about the other world were quite correct or not.

Utterly Wasted.

"What are you glum about now?"

"I was just reviewing my past life."

"Well?"

"A—nothing of it. The future is—nothing."



Better Health

A Pleasing Sense of Health and Strength Renewed and of Ease and Comfort

follows the use of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, as it acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, when constipated, or bilious, and dispels colds and headaches.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Howard E. Burton, Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, \$1.00; Gold, Silver, Zinc, Copper, \$1.00. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Empire work solicited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, cannot spill or tip over, will not rot or rust. Guaranteed effective. If all dealers or sent prepaid for 20 cents. HAROLD BOWEN, 150 Jackson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Goods and the Price both on the Square. Everything for the Automobile.

GEO. P. WELLS CO.
Jobbers of Automobile Parts and Supplies
572 Golden Gate Ave. San Francisco, Cal.

Distinctly Bad Form.

"Bryonia," impetuously began the young man, "I have come to say something to you this evening, and I am going to say it! You shall not put me off any longer. It is no joke to trifle with the feelings of an earnest man who knows what he wants. Every time I try to be serious you change the subject. It isn't fair to me, Bryonia, and I am not going to stand it any more. You'll have to listen to me this time. I am determined—"

"Orlando," she interrupted, smothering a yawn, "you are doing too much thundering in your index."—Chicago Tribune.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Pritchard*

The Russian Government has forbidden the importation of a long list of patent medicines or of any new medical substance not first sanctioned by its medical department.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

A pessimist is a man who would chew a pill.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Official figures placed the population of the German empire on June 30th at 63,886,000, a gain in one year of 896,000, and since the founding of the empire, in 1871, of about 23,000,000.

"Leave a kiss within the cup and I'll not ask for wine," who'd ask for wine anyway, when the same effort will secure Old Gilt Edge Whiskey, either rye or bourbon.

One Glaring Exception.

"Is there anything the people of this country cannot do?" vociferated the orator, "if they unitedly say it shall be done!"

"Yes," spoke up the fussy old person in the audience; "there's one thing they can't do."

"What is it, sir?"

"They can't get the battleship Maine raised."—Chicago Tribune.

Strict Women Who Love.

The strictest women are at times the most loving. When this happens their attachment is as strong as death, their fidelity as resisting as the diamond. They are hungry for devotion and athirst for sacrifice. Their love is a plety, their tenderness a religion, and they triple the energy of love by enshrining it as a duty.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

Are You Dieting

and thereby hoping to cure yourself of that annoying stomach distress?

If so, we want you to try a better plan—take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

It tones the entire digestive system and prevents any after-eating distress, such as Gas on Stomach, Sour Risings, Belching, Indigestion, Heartburn, Costiveness, Biliousness and Malaria. Always ask for

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTER

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

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QUAINT MANX CUSTOM.

Precautions Taken in Isle of Man Against Many Disasters.

The hunting of the wren by boys on St. Stephen's day at Douglas is a custom of almost immemorial antiquity, says the Dundee Advertiser. A wren caught before sunrise was formerly believed to insure a good herring fishing, and it is from the prominence of this belief in the Isle of Man that the practice originally rose. Miss Agnes Herbert in a book on the Isle of Man has the following interesting account of the ceremony:

"At every house visited a feather would be left for luck in return, of course, for largesse; and this feather was considered an effective security. Shipwreck, witchcraft, evil eye and the like had no terrors for the carrier of the wren's feather. In the dim twilight hours it was the old custom to bury the piteous little plucked body of the tiny bird in a corner of consecrated ground, amid a screen of solemn lamentation, which was immediately followed by an orgy of games and general rejoicing.

"For many years now the whole performance has been enacted in wrenless fashion—'Hamlet' without the Prince of Denmark. I have only once ever seen a wren suspended from the gay, sad pole, and that twenty years ago. The play acting 'hunt the wren' parties still go about the villages of the island, but in ever lessening numbers, haphazard, like the May queen nunsances in some parts of England, and signs are not wanting that the whole ancient practice is falling into desuetude."

FOR SALE—Land in Sonoma County. Stock, dairy, fruit and poultry farms, all sizes and prices. No better land, never failing water, no malaria. Call or write, Santa Rosa Realty Co., 532 Market St., San Francisco or Elks Bldg., Santa Rosa, Cal.

Its size considered, Belgium is the greatest horse-breeding country in the world. It has an estimated equine population of 300,000 on an area about equal to Maryland.

SAVE YOUR GAS, KEROSENE OR GASOLINE and keep cool. The Spengler Cooker and Heat Distributor confines the heat of one burner and distributes it to three openings, enabling you to cook three articles or heat four flat irons at the same time over one flame, resulting in great economy and a cool kitchen. It positively prevents burning food and utensils and pays for itself in a short time. Price \$1.75 delivered. Territory for capable agents: a big seller. Franklin C. Smith Co., Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

Diamond in the Matrix.

The trustees of the British Museum have received from the Transvaal Premier Diamond Mining Company a gift of diamonds which will be added to the collection in the mineralogical department.

The diamonds, thirteen in number, weigh together about twenty-eight karats. The specimens range from a perfectly colorless white crystal of the finest quality to the bort, which is used for grinding purposes and for rock drills.

There are two brown stones, a pink and a yellow stone. There is also a twin or male crystal. The most interesting specimen of all is a small piece of blue soil with a diamond embedded in it. This is the first of its kind to be shown at the British Museum, the New York Sun's London correspondent says. Indeed, a diamond in the matrix is a rarity in England, and it is said that very few of those who work in the diamond mines at Kimberley have ever seen a diamond actually embedded in the blue ground.

There are also specimens of rock taken from the mine at different depths ranging from fifteen feet to 160 feet. The specimen from the depth nearest the surface is of an orange color and of a powdery consistency.

Real Sea Serpents.

In New Caledonia sea serpents are frequently seen and sometimes captured. They are curious creatures, the head being very small and scarcely distinguishable from the body and the tail being formed like an oar. In length they are generally between three and four feet. In the jaw there are tiny glands containing poison, but as the mouth is very small it is difficult for them to bite, and the natives handle them fearlessly. A European traveler witnessed an experiment at Noumea which shows that under certain conditions the sea serpent can do deadly work. A rat was caught in a trap, and its tongue was grasped by a pair of pincers and placed in the mouth of a sea serpent. The serpent immediately bit it, and the rat died in four minutes.

Strict Women Who Love.

The strictest women are at times the most loving. When this happens their attachment is as strong as death, their fidelity as resisting as the diamond. They are hungry for devotion and athirst for sacrifice. Their love is a plety, their tenderness a religion, and they triple the energy of love by enshrining it as a duty.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

Possible Use for Him.

"No, sir," said the recruiting officer: "I'm sorry to say your boy won't do at all for the navy."

"Why not?" asked the lad's father.

"He's cross eyed."

"Yes, I know that, but his eyes are crossed at such a peculiar angle that I thought you might be able to use him as a range finder."—Chicago Tribune.

Victims of a Delusion.

"Birds and beasts, you know, children," remarked the Sunday school teacher, "have no souls, as you have. When they die, that is the last of them."

"If that's so," queried Tommy Tucker, "what will the Indians do go to the happy hunting grounds do for game?"

PITY FOR MAN AND BEAST.

Lovers of Animals Everywhere Regret Col. Swope's Plan Failed.

It will grieve lovers of animals to learn that the death of Col. Swope, the late Kansas City millionaire, defeated a project for a summer home where hard-worked city horses were to be provided rest, recreation and something good to eat.

The other day it was made known that the aged philanthropist had all but completed plans for paradise pastures when death intervened. Failing to make provision in his will the charity must perish, the Lincoln (Neb.) Star says, unless the idea should appeal to other rich men or to the Rockefeller foundation.

Necessary funds were to be provided for sufficient acreage, buildings and supervision. Enough sound horses to make a cavalry brigade were to have been kept in reserve.

Every poor person in Kansas City who used a horse in his business was to have been searched out and loaned a fresh one while his own tired animal spent a few weeks in clover. In this way every weary, frazzled beast that plods the hot pavements from dawn to dark would have been afforded a genuine annual vacation.

Members of the Humane societies and those who are not but ought to be will regret that death spoiled the plan. The only comfort is in the knowledge that Swope did not copy-right the idea. Any citizen of any town who has money to give away and knows not which direction to turn is at liberty to take the tip.

Next to a provision whereby over-worked women and men could get a holiday in the country during the summer would be the contemplated relief for the overworked horse.

Some day the owner of some great fortune like Rockefeller or Carnegie will provide a fund for the relief of the toiling women and girls who never can get away for a day from the daily grind of life. Already provision is made in some cities for an outing for the babies and their mothers. The Daily News of Chicago has for years raised a fund for this purpose and thereby brought rest and health and happiness to thousands.

To relieve the faithful horse or dog from distress is a noble work, but suffering humanity is even more to be regarded by those who have the power to relieve them.

Henry J. Storrs for fifty years has been continuously clerk of the finance department of New York City. He has served under fourteen controllers.

NEW SAPPH-DIAMOND

A recent creation of science possessed with diamond brilliancy. Retention of luster guaranteed for your comparison with real gems by natural daylight.

EXCLUSIVE COAST AGENT
JOHN C. DAVIDSON
729 MARKET ST.
CATALOGUES

Cook in Comfort

You no longer need wear yourself out with the weakening heat of an intensely hot kitchen. You can cook in comfort.

Here is a stove that gives no outside heat. All its heat is concentrated at the burners. An intense blue flame (hotter than either white or red) is thrown upwards but not around. All the heat is utilized in cooking—none in outside heating.

New Perfection

WICK BLUE FLAME

Oil Cook-stove

entirely removes the discomfort of cooking. Apply a match and immediately the stove is ready. Instantly an intense heat is projected upwards against the pot, pan, kettle or boiler, and yet there is no surrounding heat—no smell—no smoke.

Why? Because The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is scientifically and practically perfect. You cannot use too much wick—it is automatically controlled. You get the maximum heat—no smoke. The burner is simple. One wick with a cloth cleans it—consequently there is no smell.

The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is wonderful for year-round use, but especially in summer. Its heat operates upward to pan, pot, or kettle, but not beyond or around. It is useless for heating a room.

It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at your, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

WHERE to STOP and SHOP

111 SAN FRANCISCO and OAKLAND

AGENTS WANTED
The Original, Genuine, DENNIS' EUCALYPTUS OINTMENT wants lady agents in every town. BIG PAY. Write us at 256 Stuart Street, Berkeley, California.

CLOTHIERS
Worthy of special notice are our \$20.00 suits and overcoats made to order. Try one. NEUBAUS & CO., Inc., TAILORS, 56 Market St., San Francisco.

ENGINES
One 12 H. P. single cyl. kerosene engine with clutch, carburetor, oilers, etc., suitable for either marine or stationary work, used but little, just received overhauling, a big bargain at \$30 cash. Also one 4 H. P. "Grey" 2-cycle engine with carburetor, pump, shaft, propeller, etc., can be used also as a stationary, for \$40. For particulars call on or drop a line to the Gorman Engineering Co., Alameda, Cal.

HARDWOOD LUMBER
Oak, Mahogany, Spanish Cedar, etc. Timbers, Lumber, Veneers, Oak and Maple Flooring. Dickmann Hardwood Co., 24 California St., San Francisco.

ADVERTISING AGENTS
"LADY AND GENTLEMAN" Agency, 111 California College or Haidrestrasse and Beach, 3074, 3075, 25 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

WANTED
Ladies to learn handwriting, call on California College of Handwriting and Beach, 3074, 3075, 25 Montgomery St., San Francisco. Send Sample for Free Book.

TRIALS of the NEEDLEMS

TAKE AWAY THESE INDIGESTIBLE BISCUITS. SUCH STUFF IS NOT FIT TO EAT.

WHY JOHN YOU ALWAYS LIKED THEM YOU MUST BE LOSING YOUR APPETITE. TAKE A PAW PAW PILL TO NIGHT.

SOME MORE OF THESE BISCUITS DINAH WONDERFUL. HOW THOSE PAW PAW PILLS GIVE ONE AN APPETITE.

THERE IS HOPE.

RECOVERED THAT INDIGESTION MAKES A MAN DRASTIC AND UNPLEASANT. PAW PAW PILLS BRING HEALTH AND GOOD CHEER. IT IS PILLS TO EAT.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all

THINKING OF BUILDING?
LET US GIVE YOU ESTIMATES
on the lumber for your building and show you our choice line of
Sash, Doors, Finish and Millwork
as well as our general stock of manufactured and thoroughly seasoned
Lumber, Lath, Shingles and Building Materials
Come in and look at our stock. We sell satisfaction. Full line of Hardware and Paints

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Phone Mission 253
Mission 5268
2401 San Jose Avenue

PHONE MISSION 4599 BILLY RAVEN, Prop

THE RAVEN

KNOWLES' HALL HILLCREST
TAKE OCEAN VIEW, CEMETERIES OR SAN MATEO CARS

ORDINANCE OF THE FIRE COMMISSIONERS

Appointing Police Officials to Act During Pendency of Fire or Conflagration.

Whereas, under and pursuant to an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, approved March 6, 1899, authorizing the organization and equipment of a Fire Department in unincorporated towns and villages, with a Board of Fire Commissioners, whose duties include the selecting of special police officials, as set forth in Sections 22, 23 and 24, of said Act, as follows, to wit:

"Section 22. They may adopt such ordinance, within the purview of the preceding section, as they may deem proper to prevent fire and conflagrations, and for the protection of property at and during the pendency of any fire, and for that purpose may provide that at and during the pendency of any fire the officers of the fire company or companies present shall be vested with police powers. Such ordinances shall be signed by the said Fire Commissioners, and published in a newspaper printed in said town or village, or posted in three of the most public places thereof, for a period of two weeks, at the end of which time it shall be and become a law for the government of the inhabitants of said town or village."

"Sec. 23. Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of said ordinance shall be guilty of misdemeanor."

"Sec. 24. Any justice of the peace within the township within which said town or village is situated shall have jurisdiction of all prosecutions under this Act, and Sections fourteen hundred and twenty-six to fourteen hundred and twenty-nine, both inclusive, title nine, chapter one, of the Penal Code, are hereby made applicable to proceedings under this Act."

Be it therefore ordained, that the officers of said Fire Department, including the Fire Chief, Assistant Fire Chief, and Captains and First Lieutenants of the companies, shall constitute the police force as provided for in the foregoing sections, 22, 23 and 24, specially named and designated as follows:

Fire Chief—Charles E. Montgomery.
Assistant Fire Chief—C. A. Bradberg.

Captain, Co. No. 1—Geo. W. Savage.
Lieutenant, Co. No. 1—Joseph Ott.
Captain, Co. No. 2—Herbert Secor.
Lieutenant, Co. No. 2—H. Elmers.
Captain, Co. No. 3—Edward J. Ford.
Lieutenant, Co. No. 3—Ray Squires.

That the said designated officers of the Fire Department shall be empowered with full police authority, as provided by law, and shall continue in said authority until their successors shall be named and qualified.

Signed:
FRANK A. SMACK,
H. H. SMITH,
DENNIS QUILLINAN.

Members of and constituting the Board of Fire Commissioners of the Village of Vista Grande, County of San Mateo, State of California.
Dated, Vista Grande, California, May 24, A. D., 1910.

NOTICE District School Meeting

In accordance with the provisions of the Political Code, notice is hereby given that a meeting of the qualified electors of the Jefferson School District, County of San Mateo, State of California, will be held on the 3rd day of June, 1910, between the hours of 8 o'clock p. m., and 12 o'clock p. m., at the Colma Hall, in said Jefferson School District, for the purpose of determining the sites of two School Houses, to be erected in said District.

S. BELL,
GEO. W. SAVAGE,
CHAS. SUENDERMAN.
Trustees of Jefferson School District.
Dated, May 23, 1910.

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Dated, May 23, 1910.

Wichita, Kan.—The office of the Missouri and Kansas Telephone company of this city was converted into a temporary hospital when nine of the company's operators became violently ill after eating ice cream. Physicians pronounced it ptomaine poisoning.

CONDUCTOR FORGOT ORDERS AND CARS CRASHED HEAD-ON

Passengers Receive Fatal Injuries, Several Maimed for Life.

Oakland.—Two Leona Heights street cars, the outbound, No. 251, loaded to its capacity with a crowd of holiday picnickers, some of whom were even seated on the top of the coach, and the inbound, No. 267, carrying possibly 20 passengers, crashed together in a head-on collision on a stretch of single track between the California Railway junction at East Fourteenth street and Vernon siding at Bellevue avenue, East Fruitvale, shortly after 10:40 o'clock Monday morning.

Motorman C. A. Christensen of the outbound car, Miss Maude Rothrock, 17 years old, living at 1604 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, Orville Lewis, a boy 16 years of age, and Harold Hull, a 17-year-old Berkeley business college student, who lived at 2000 Channing Way, Berkeley, were fatally injured, dying soon after the accident in hospitals. More than 40 were injured, legs were cut off, arms and legs were broken, ribs crushed in, and, in fact, few of the passengers escaped injury.

To add to the horror of the collision, the broken car, with its load of dying and injured persons, sped down the hill toward East Fourteenth street, rocking from side to side and distributing wounded and mangled bodies from its platforms along the track. But for the coolness and quickness of thought of three men, who applied the emergency brakes, the number of dead would probably be a score or more, for the runaway car would have crashed into a Hayward or Melrose car at East Fourteenth street.

From the investigation of the accident by officials of the Oakland Traction Company, which operates the cars, the accident is traceable to one man, conductor W. J. Holdorf of the crowded outbound car. He has taken upon himself the entire responsibility for the accident, exonerating every one else connected with it. Failure to observe the regulations of the railway company was the primary cause of the accident. He forgot to wait at a siding until car 267 had passed.

GLADYS EMERY WEARIES OF ALLIANCE WITH JAPANESE

Union of White Girl and Oriental to End in Reno Divorce Court.

Reno.—Mrs. Gladys Emery Gunjiro Aoki, daughter of Archdeacon John Emery of the Episcopal diocese, whose violently romantic infatuation for the clergyman's Japanese houseboy ended in their marriage last spring, has begun to seek the divorce that was regarded by every one as inevitable.

Accompanied by her dejected father and mother, the young woman has gone to Carson, Nevada, to establish the formal residence that is a necessary preliminary to filing the suit.

No one knows where Aoki is. All the mementoes he has left behind are dismal ones to the Emerys—including the frail, slant-eyed infant that the disillusioned girl carries about in her arms.

Caucasians and Asiatics up and down the Pacific Coast united in protesting against the marriage, but Gladys Emery would have her way. Neither rocks, hooting nor the beating of tin cans by the mob that gathered at the railroad station to see her leave with her stoic-faced mother to join Aoki in Seattle in March, 1909, could dissuade her. Defending her conduct at the time in a written statement that showed that she was an unusually clear thinking and gifted young woman, Gladys Emery began a journey which she now wishes she had never undertaken.

Mining Swindler Imprisoned.

Berlin.—Leslie Clark, who was charged by Prince Francis Joseph of Braganza with complicity in a mining swindle, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The Prince claimed he was induced to invest \$100,000 in a mining venture under misrepresentations.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Aspirants for political favors will do well to remember the Record in having their announcements published, as this paper is extensively circulated in a very thickly populated portion of San Mateo County and is practically read by everybody from the San Francisco line to the cemeteries. The Record is absolutely INDEPENDENT and therefore in a position to give one and all a SQUARE DEAL, and that is all you will get.

C. D. HAYWARD (Incumbent) FOR ASSESSOR

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

P. P. CHAMBERLAIN (Incumbent) FOR COUNTY TREASURER

Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

C. L. MCCracken (Incumbent) FOR TAX COLLECTOR

Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

H. O. HEINER FOR COUNTY RECORDER

Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

DR. H. G. PLYMIRE (Incumbent) FOR CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

AMBROSE McSWEENEY FOR COUNTY TAX COLLECTOR

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

THOMAS L. HICKEY FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

CLERGY REBUKED FOR WAR ON JEFFRIES-JOHNSON MATCH

Churchman Asks Pastors if There's Nothing More Serious to Attack.

New York.—Bolton Hall, lawyer and author and son of the late Rev. Dr. John Hall, has sent an open letter to the general assembly of the Presbyterian church rebuking that body for its attitude in regard to the Jeffries-Johnson fight. He says, in part: "While in every big city young girls are snatched away to lives of slavery; while all over the land little children are worked to death in our factories; while the monopolies put prices so high as to increase these shrieking evils, is it possible the church can find nothing more serious to attack than a prizefight, already sufficiently well advertised?"

"I am the son of a clergyman, myself, a member of the Presbyterian church, and I speak often in the churches, and it makes me sick to see the petty, ineffective, time-serving church organizations. Whenever there is a real fight on against political or social evil, the churches are sure to be found dragging a red herring across the trail with a 'crusade' against some such horror as Sunday saloons or playing craps. Religion only makes itself contemptible by such a bid for support as an anti-prizefight protest."

City Automobiles Expensive.

New York.—The New York Board of Aldermen has decided upon the investigation of the question of municipally owned automobiles. According to statements made by the Controller, the city now owns between 150 and 200 automobiles, which cost more than \$340,000 and means an expense to the city of \$225,000 for maintenance and hire of chauffeurs.

Twenty-Two Sailors Drown.

Cowes, Island of Wight.—Twenty-two persons were drowned as a result of a collision between the steamer Skerryvore and the German bark J. C. Vinnen in the English channel. The Skerryvore sank. Only two of the crew of the steamer were rescued, one of whom died a short time later.

Died of Fright.

Denver.—Bitten by his pet dog which he had been teasing, Jackson Edwards, 74 years of age, became panic-stricken at the thought that hydrophobia might set in. Two hours later he was dead. Physicians declare that death resulted from the shock of the dog's attack, aggravated by his fear of hydrophobia.

NOTICE Fire Tax Election.

Whereas, under and pursuant to an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, approved March 6, 1899, entitled "An Act to amend an Act to allow unincorporated towns and villages to equip and maintain a fire department, and to assess and collect taxes from time to time for such purpose, and to create a Board of Commissioners (approved March 4, 1881, Stats., 1881, 26), relating to assessing and collecting said taxes," the Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo, State of California, did, upon a proper petition of more than fifty taxpayers and residents of the unincorporated Village of Vista Grande, in said County of San Mateo, State of California, appoint Frank A. Smack, H. H. Smith and Dennis Quillinan as a Board of Fire Commissioners of the Village of Vista Grande, of the County of San Mateo, State of California, to hold office until the second Monday in April, 1911, and until their successors were elected and qualified; and

Whereas, said Board of Fire Commissioners did fix and establish the fire limits of said Village of Vista Grande, and accurately describe the same, in writing, by metes and bounds, as hereinafter set forth; and

Whereas, Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the said Board of Fire Commissioners last named, said last named Board of Fire Commissioners, did fix and establish, and accurately describe, in writing, by metes and bounds, the fire limits of said village of Vista Grande as follows, to wit:

Fire District—Vista Grande.
Commencing at a point on the North boundary line of San Mateo County at the intersection of the East boundary line of the Southern Pacific Railroad right of way, running thence East along said North boundary line of San Mateo County to the center of the Mission Road; running thence Southwest along the center of the Mission Road to the intersection of this line with San Jose Avenue; thence South along the boundary line dividing the lands of the Crocker Estate Company and the lands of John Daly and Frank Knowles; running thence Southwest to the Northeast corner of Union Park tract; thence running West along the North boundary line of the Union Park tract to the Mission Road; running thence North on the Mission Road to the South boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract; running thence West along the South boundary line of Vista Grande Tract to the West boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract; running thence North along the West boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract to the intersection of this line with the North boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract; running thence East along the North boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract to the intersection of the line forming the East boundary line of the Southern Pacific Railroad right of way; running thence Northeast along the East side of the Southern Pacific Railroad right of way to the original place of beginning.

All of the above parcels of land described, situated in the North part of San Mateo County, State of California, and adjoining the City of San Francisco on the South.

Notice is hereby given to the electors residing within the fire limits above described, that in accordance with the provisions of said Act of the Legislature, of the State of California, approved March 6, 1899, an election will be held on the 11th day of June, A. D., 1910, at Ryan's Hall, in the Village of Vista Grande, County of San Mateo, State of California, at which time will be submitted to said electors the question whether a tax shall be levied and raised for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a fire department for the said village of Vista Grande, of the County of San Mateo, State of California, and for protecting the same from loss by fire, and whether a tax shall be levied upon property within said fire limits and collected, sufficient to raise the sum of Two Thousand and One Hundred (\$2,100) Dollars, with which to purchase water tank, hose, hose-carts, fire plugs, pipe and all other essential apparatus sufficient to thoroughly equip the department.

The polls of said election will be opened and the election held at the said Ryan's Hall, in the village of Vista Grande, County of San Mateo, State of California, on the 11th day of June, A. D., 1910, and the polls will be open from 8:00 o'clock, a. m., until 5:00 o'clock, p. m., of said day.

J. J. Fahey, Geo. W. Savage and John Bracken will act as judges of said election, and W. M. Talbot and Ray Squires will act as clerks of said election, to conduct the same.

That at such election the ballots shall contain the words: "Tax—Yes" or "Tax—No."

That the amount of money to be raised is Two Thousand and One Hundred (\$2,100) Dollars for the purchase of water tank, hose, hose-carts, fire plugs, pipe and all essential apparatus sufficient to thoroughly equip the department; said election will be held as provided by law and as nearly as practicable in conformity with the general election law.

Board of Fire Commissioners of the Village of Vista Grande, of the County of San Mateo, State of California.
FRANK A. SMACK,
H. H. SMITH,
DENNIS QUILLINAN.

Members of and constituting the Board of Fire Commissioners of the Village of Vista Grande, of the County of San Mateo, State of California.
Dated, Vista Grande, California, May 24th, A. D., 1910. *jnl

As to Juggleworth.
"Old Juggleworth died at an advanced age, didn't he?"
"On the contrary, he died at a greatly reduced age. He was really twenty years older than he said he was."

EAT GOOD MEAT

SUCH AS IS SOLD BY THE
Vista Grande Meat Market
Only U. S. Government Inspected Meats

BEWARE OF DISEASE FROM TUBERCULAR MEAT

ORDERS TAKEN AND MEAT DELIVERED TO CUSTOMERS

HENRY BAUER, Proprieor
THE POPULAR SALOON
AT
Hillcrest, Where All The Cars Stop
END OF THE FIVE-CENT CAR LIMIT

PACIFIC MEAT CO.

First Township
ONLY U. S. GOV'T. INSPECTED MEATS

JIM CASEY KENNEDY'S UNION LAUNDRY

VISTA GRATDE
First-Class Work Satisfaction Always

COLMA HOTEL

J. BEICHEL, Proprietor
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS SERVED
San Mateo and Cemetery Cars Stop at Hotel COLMA, SAN MATEO CO., CAL.

\$1.50 THAT'S ALL
Will Secure The
COLMA RECORD
FOR A YEAR

SAN MATEO COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge Superior Court.....G. H. Buck
 Treasurer.....P. P. Chamberlain
 Tax Collector.....C. L. McCracken
 District Attorney.....J. J. Bullock
 County Clerk.....C. D. Hayward
 County Clerk.....Joseph H. Nash
 County Recorder.....John F. Johnston
 Sheriff.....Robert Chatham
 Auditor.....Henry Underhill
 Superintendent of Schools.....Roy Cloud
 Coroner and Public Administrator.....Dr. H. G. Plymire
 Surveyor.....James B. Neuman
 Health Officer.....W. G. Beattie, M. D.

Officials—First Township

Supervisor.....James T. Casey
 Justice of the Peace.....A. McSweeney
 Constable.....Bob Carroll
 Postmaster.....B. S. Greene

THE CHURCHES.

CATHOLIC.

Colma—Mass, 9:30 a. m.
 Ocean View—7:30, and 11:00.
 South San Francisco—8:30.
 Vista Grande—M. E. Church—Rev. David Balston, Pastor; Rev. J. E. Prescott, Asst.—Services 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Prayer Meeting, Thursdays; Junior League, Saturdays, 2:30 p. m.; Mrs. Meeth, Supt.; Epworth League, Sundays, 6:30 p. m.; Miss Ada Turner, Pres.; Ladies Aid, alternate Tuesday, 2:30 p. m.; Mrs. Redding, Pres.

Grace Presbyterian Church—Rev. A. R. Willis, Pastor (Residence, 442 Athens St., S. F.)—Services, 11 a. m.; Sunday School, 10 a. m.

POSTOFFICE NOTICE.

Postoffice open daily from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M. Money order window opened from 7 A. M. to 5:45 P. M.
 Letters for registration must be posted half an hour previous to the time for closing the mail.
 Mails are dispatched from office 15 minutes before train time.

Out-going mail leaves as follows:

7:08 A. M.
 7:10 P. M.
 6:49 P. M.

Mails arriving at this office are due as follows:

6:05 A. M.
 11:55 A. M.
 5:55 P. M.

G. W. TAYLOR

Postmaster.

VISTA GRANDE POSTOFFICE

Open daily from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays and holidays 8 A. M. to 12 M. Outgoing mails close 6 A. M. and 6 P. M. Mail arrives at 7 A. M. and 7 P. M.

E. C. JOHNSON, Postmaster.